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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MISCELLANY OF

CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. IX.

FROM MAY TO OCTOBER, 1875.

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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. IX.—MAY, 1875.—No. 49.

A PRACTICAL CONSIDERATION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL PROBLEM.

A RESPECTABLE portion of the Roman Catholics of New York City, representing undoubtedly the opinions and wishes of the Church in that diocese, have made application to the authorities for a share of the money raised by general taxation for the support of schools, and these petitioners state distinctly that they desire their share in order to carry on their system of education. They admit, as all seem to attest, that general education is essential in a republic, and they willingly pay the tax that is imposed upon them to secure education to children in whom are the future statesmen, divines, and philosophers of our country, and, unfortunately, a different and less desirable portion of the community. But, in common with a considerable number of their fellow-citizens, they believe that religion is the true basis of all education, and they believe that without the religious support education may become, as it usually does become, the means of mischief; elevating and refining the crime, but not lessening its general injury.

Religion did at one time constitute a portion of the instruction of public schools, but when a denomination found that the tendency of that teaching was unfriendly to them, that it was sectarian indeed, a demand was made for a share of the general fund, that the benefit of instruction might be enjoyed by those who paid their assessed proportion, but were excluded from the benefit of its application. Then the idea of teaching religious dogmas was disavowed, and the public schools were said to be not *ir*religious but non-religious and unsectarian. They never were such. In the books, and in some of the practices, there was what seriously offended the consciences of those who asked for some of the funds.

But it is not the books nor the small practices that gave the occasion for the new movement in New York. The Catholics do not want non-religious schools; they think that religion is one of the elements of education, and they think if a choice is to be made between religion without school learning and school learning without religion, they would take the religion.

But people do not agree on that point; many think that the concession is sufficient that has professedly separated public school education from religion. The Catholics think that such a concession is more than sufficient; they would not have religion separated from education. But, as upon the subject of education, there is a wide difference of opinion; the Catholic would not wound the consciences of their fellow-citizens by making their own creed an element of public school instruction, nor will they admit the right of others to interfere with their children's creed while in the public schools. Still less will they consent to have the minds and the characters of their children moulded by non-religious teaching.

The Catholics of New York do not ask that State supervision of schools should be relinquished. They ask that the general direction of schools, sustained entirely or in part from public taxation, should be submitted to some common law; but as they pay their share of that taxation, they believe that in submitting to the ordinary general direction of the State, they should not be made to feel that they were paying to have their children reared in the neglect of the important doctrines and practices of the Church. Or, that paying their share of the taxation, they should be compelled to double their contributions for education by maintaining their own schools for the sake of their creed. As the views of the Catholics of New York are, and must be, those of their co-religionists in other parts of the country, and therefore in Philadelphia, it is not strange that the newspapers, not Catholic, in this city should have referred pointedly to the movement in New York. And it will appear no more strange that an individual who is a Catholic should feel and express an interest in the matter, and try, if permitted, to show the reasonableness of the request of the New York Catholics and the consistency of granting that request.

It is said by those who oppose the application of the Catholics of New York City, that it is presumptuous in them to suppose that the people at large will consent to grant to citizens of one denomination what is not allowed to those of other creeds.

We do not see that the prayer of the Catholics need be denied because people of other religious denominations do not ask for the same. It does not appear that others desire the same, certainly they do not desire it upon the same grounds of conscience.

It is further opposed to the New York Catholic prayer that secular learning is enough for the schools, and that learning may be had therein by children of all denominations, while the religious education may be imparted separately by the respective clergy of the different denominations.

That might do if religion was not considered the principal element of morals, and especially that which is to be the motive and reward of good action. To make the child go to a secular school in which nothing is taught but the contents of the grammar, the arithmetic, or the history, and to look to an occasional lesson upon religion, is to give very little weight to that which most Christians and Jews believe to be "the one thing needful to peace and comfort in this world, and the one thing essential to happiness in the world to come." Besides, most folks think that religion, instead of being an independent quality, which is too refined for mixture with earthly mould, too pure to be placed in contact and associated with worldly motives and business schemes, is the purifying and sanctifying quality to move, direct, and accompany all other qualities and attainments. And just in proportion as "religion is identified with all other acquisitions are those attainments operative in a useful direction."

This early association of religion with other qualities is pointed out in Scripture as the means of withholding the passions from the moral danger of life, and sustaining men in the trials and misfortunes which beset them here. How then can it be best to keep separate secular and religious instruction? How is it possible to infuse into the qualities of the child's mind, into his daily attainments, the saving influence of a religious lesson that comes only by accident, or which are given without the evidence that they are of little consequence, unless they influence all other acquirements, leavening the loaf, and giving it healthy and nutritive qualities? And, to keep up the figure, the attempt to separate secular education, that is to be of public benefit, from religious instruction, would be not unlike the effort of the poor housewife who uses her best flour and purest salt and freshest water to compose her bread, and saves the yeast, which is used as an ingredient of the loaf, for a separate diet at the table.

But it is argued by some who oppose the prayer of the New York Catholics, that the favorable response thereto would be unreasonable, and perhaps unsafe, as the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and other denominations might demand the same division of the public funds on their behalf. We do not mean to say that they would not be justified in making the claim, or that the authorities would not be right in granting it. Of course if we would defend the claims of the Catholics in this respect, and justify a favorable response thereto by the authorities, we should not be less favorable to similar claims from other religious denominations. But we may say that some of those other denominations do not ask for such a distribution. Their *non usiter* of their own rights may perhaps, among themselves, be urged against the claim; we hope not, but their neglect should not vitiate the claims of those who have "asked" and who do now urge their petition. If the Methodists, Baptists, and other denominations respectable by number and social position see no evil in the separation of religious from secular education, then they may be doing well to continue the separation, at least they are exercising a right.

With Catholics, however, it is a matter of conscience. They believe that the creed of their church is true; that the doctrines of that church are a part of those which are essential to good citizenship, as well as to eternal happiness. Or, what is quite to the purpose, they believe that good morals depend much on early education, on instruction that includes religion.

It may be said on the opposing argument, that other large denominations do not so believe. We know that, and their conscience dictates according to their creed, and they should not be compelled to violate that conscience, in order to obtain that for which society was formed.

But it is the conscience of the Catholic of which we are now speaking. The conscience of some citizens of other denominations are not wounded at the neglect of religious teachings, or the primary instruction of their children. They are willing to take similar lessons in the schools, and trust to other means for obtaining that religious teaching which is so necessary for obtaining the religious instruction so necessary to morals.

The Catholic believes differently; and he thinks that in a government like this under which we live, his conscience is entitled to respect as fully as the conscience of any other citizen. It is no answer to say that on the school question, other denominations have not asked for a distribution of the school money, because it is seen that it is no violation of their conscience to have their

children educated out of the influence of their own religious creed. We are speaking of the religious conscience.

But it is said, "if the Catholic petition is granted, it will be legislating or administering the laws in favor of one denomination."

So far as the question is confined to the assistance of the Catholic school, certainly the distribution is in favor of the Catholic denomination. But the granting of a clear right is not to be regarded as an evidence of partiality.

But suppose the request should be granted to the Catholics upon the grounds that they believe that religious education should mingle with the teaching of the school, and that therefore their part of the taxes for schools should be devoted to the maintenance of schools to which they could conscientiously send their children. Would such a respect for the conscience of a large Christian denomination paying a full share of the fund be improper, or unprecedented in the legislation of State and country? We think not.

During the exigencies of the late civil war, the demand for men to fill the depleted ranks of the "Union army" was so urgent that a price as high as eight hundred dollars was paid to secure a substitute for a drafted citizen. Meantime the draft went on. Some were drafted and some enlisted in the ranks. Some were drafted whose circumstances, business, and domestic affairs rendered it almost impossible for them to leave home for the army. Many kept up a constant payment, a sort of standing insurance against draft, because one of the family had fallen on the field, and they were all that were left for the comfort and maintenance of the bereaved and dependent relatives. Yet at the next door, perhaps, a stout healthy citizen, with a family of four or five stalwart sons, was looking complacently upon the rupture in their neighbor's family circle, and the depletion of the treasury, hastened by the necessity of paying for a substitute. This father and his sons were all going forth to their pleasure or their business with no fear of the draft, with no apprehension of a demand for money to procure their exemption.

And why was this difference at such a moment, in the circumstances of the two neighboring families?

The reason is plain and reasonable. One family that lost children on the field of battle, and paid a high price to secure the exemption of others, were not conscientiously scrupulous about bearing arms; so they bore arms, and bore the consequences. Those that sent none of their members to the field at the call of the nation, and paid nothing for substitutes, were conscientious in their refusal to bear arms or to assist in war by payment to secure substitutes. And the laws of the nation and of the State respected their consciences, and exempted them from the draft, which forced others to be soldiers, or compelled others to pay for a substitute.

Yet while those men who had no religious scruples on the subject of defending and maintaining the Union against the fiercest rebellion that has a record, were spending their means and their blood for the national cause, in which all were concerned, the men who professed a scruple on the subject of war went forth to their daily business, securing its profits, augmented by increased demand and diminution of competition, and themselves and their families and their wealth *protected* by the sacrifices of the blood and treasure of their less scrupulous neighbors.

Yet we do not find the secular or the religious papers condemning the respect which the law and its administrators paid to the conscience of the enemies of war.

But if the consciences of the Friends and Mennonites, and others, are so

worthy of respect, as to exempt those persons from military duties, duties the discharge of which at the moment is necessary to national existence, surely some regard may be had to the conscience of a class of citizens that are not behind any in patriotic service, in labor, in sacrifices of money or life.

"No distinction can be made," it is said, "between classes of citizens. All must be amenable to the same laws; there cannot be one law for the Protestant, and another for the Catholic." Why, then, we ask, is there one law for the Friend or Mennonite, and another law for the Baptist, Presbyterian, etc., etc.?

The truth is, that at all times there has been, and in all future times there will be, in a country of law and equal rights, some distinction made in the enactment of that law. The circumstances of different classes are always consulted in a government by the people. It is only in a despotism that inflexible rules obtain.

But we are told that schools are necessary to education, and that education is necessary to the existence of a republic. We are not disposed to make an argument upon that point, though one may be permitted to inquire, "What is education?" If education, if learning, if instruction consist entirely in the acquisition of what is laid down in the spelling-book, the grammar, and the arithmetic, then we need not discuss the merits of the axiom; it is correct in its narrowest application. But if education mean the leading out of the powers of the pupil, if "instruction" includes the "*in-building*" of a moral principle, and if learning implies a knowledge of our duties to God and man, and how to discharge these duties, then we give to that axiom (of the importance of education) a broad comprehensive application, which takes the scholar above what the spelling-book, the grammar, and the arithmetic can teach, but takes them with him. And we should, with the first lessons of these handbooks, have the lesson of higher moral duties—religious obligation. "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children," is a command of the Most High, and the child's book lesson is to be taught with his duty to God, his country, his neighbor, and himself.

It is of national importance that those great truths, upon which character is to be based, should be explained to the learner in his early years. Lord Brougham says the character is formed at six years of age. That may be. Certainly moral instruction should commence before the child is ready for book knowledge, and that instruction—that moral, religious instruction—should go on, not *pari passu*, not side by side, but *in*, *with*, and *of* the primary teaching of the school, a part, operative, essential, inseparable.

Had religious education been thus mingled with the lesson of secular instruction, the prisons of civilized countries would have had fewer educated men as tenants, and the gibbet and the axe would have hanged and beheaded fewer men who owed their felonious life and their felon's death to a bad use of education—to learning unbalanced by religious responsibilities.

The Catholic memorialists, who, in New York, ask to receive aid from the income of the school tax, have contributed proportionately to its amount. But it seems that the application differs from that formerly made. They ask now to be allowed to retain their scholars, for whom they have ample accommodations. They propose that the order and discipline of their school, with the general curriculum, be under the inspection of the public authorities; and, while all this is going on, in these Catholic schools they shall be in conformity with the general school directions, and the general course of studies the same as in other schools.

There shall be found opportunities to blend religious education with the common exercises of the school, at least there shall be nothing opposed to Catholic doctrine taught; and the feelings of the pupils shall not be wounded, nor their minds warped by the misrepresentation of hostile book-makers. To these negatives there must be added, as stated above, positive religious instruction. That seems fair.

While preparing this paper for the press, we find in a daily paper from the Southwest, a particular notice of the measure of which we are treating. The editor is opposed to any concession to the Catholics on the school question. He says, emphatically:

"The State has decided that the education of children is its own duty; that it has devised means for a proper discharge of that duty; that it has established public schools in which every child in the State that is to benefit by the school system, may receive an education; that it has decided what that education shall be, and what it shall not include; and that none of the funds raised by general taxation shall go to any school that is not established by the State. For the Catholics to ask that they shall be an exception to this rule, by being allowed some of the school funds, towards which they contributed their assessed share, is preposterous. The State has prescribed the kind of school and of education that are to serve the public."

Now we agree to the importance of the education, and we consent to the proposition that the State tax the people for the support of schools, deeming it a duty to provide education for all, but we object to the kind of education which is to be forced upon the pupil.

Let us see how it will work. Education is necessary to the people, and the State therefore provides schools. That seems logical.

But eating is as necessary to the people as book-learning. Suppose, then, that our State were to say, we will provide food for the people and a common table, as the Lacedemonians did; we suppose that the bowl of black broth would not be deemed quite sufficient. We are a meat-eating nation, and some solid food would be required, or there would be a rebellion among the commons. Meat must be furnished. And probably that would vary with the supply of the neighborhood. In Cincinnati and Chicago one would look for a large supply of pork, and that, if not every day, would be almost always upon the table.

Now, as this common table must supply all the people, we are not so sure that our Hebrew fellow-citizens would not be making an application for their share of the common fund, as their conscience could not be satisfied with the daily provision. Nor would the class of Christians who avoid the use of animal food be without cause of complaint, if the only diet set before them should be "spare rib," middling, and hams, and they were compelled to purchase their vegetable food after having paid the tax levied to supply the common table.

We do not present this as an argument so much as an illustration of the case of the opponents of the Catholic claim. "Man shall not live by bread alone." There is food necessary for the immortal part, constant daily nutrition of the higher faculties; care, beyond all mortal claims, is demanded for the immortal soul. It is not what this man does *not* believe, but what that man does believe, that is worthy of thought; and conscience is entitled to respect, even though its dictation may not be a rule with the majority.

But we notice a serious objection, made by several writers, who, while they are not unwilling that the Catholics should have their share of the school fund and separate schoolhouses, affect to think that such a

concession would lead to the evil of employing Catholic teachers!

Of what use to Catholics would be a Catholic school-house and a proportion of the public funds, without a Catholic schoolmaster? The Catholics should have a right to build and maintain their school-houses at their own expense, and they may have the benefit of a schoolmaster, for which they must, like all denominations, pay their share, but they may not select him, nor must he be a Catholic. Certainly the spirit of Bismarck is in these objections. Catholics must pay their quota of the school expenses and the full cost of the school-houses, and have no voice in the selection of the teachers of their children. Nothing, of course, is conceded if the claim for teachers is not allowed.

Catholics have no objection to a Protestant or Jewish school, if their children could receive there the teaching which they think constitutes a proper education; and they have no predilection for a school-house, even built and owned by Catholics, and into which their own children could be received, if there was not imparted there such instruction as Catholics desire for their children, and which a non-Catholic is not likely to give, which, perhaps, it would be unjust to expect from him. We ask that the conscience of the Catholic pupil should be respected; he should not be compelled to learn anything contrary to his conscience. No less respect should be paid to the religious sentiments of the schoolmaster; he should not be compelled to teach anything contrary to his conscience. This rule is general, is catholic, not for one denomination alone, but for all.

"UNTO THESE LEAST."

It was a street that people avoided when possible; a street the outlet of reeking courts and tributary alleys; a street whereof the houses were dens of poverty and shame. It was not a street where the honest poor wrought and lived, with bare, but neat and well-tended homes, but one where crime and sloth created holes in which to hide from the light of day and the gaze of fellow-men. Yet troops of little children thronged its way, and in their cunning, or greedy, or vicious gaze, no trace of childhood's precious heritage of innocence could be found. The bitter fruit of the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil" had already been tasted by each infant lip, and invisible angels wept over the result. The soiled and often bruised faces were no more stained than the tender souls beneath; the children were only wrecks of something once fresh from the Master-touch whose creations are all wonderful.

One child stood apart from the rest, absorbed, unconscious, evidently essaying the mastery of something very unusual to such outcasts, viz., thought. This child was a little girl, unkempt, unwashed, and clad in rags, to specify color or form of which would be impossible. What capability of grace in bent head or drooping figure; what possibility of loveliness in grimy face, God knows! A mother's hand tenderly arraying the one, or bathing and softly stroking the other, might have called out latent charms from both. As it was, there she sat, propped in crouching,

ungainly attitude against the blank wall of a house, with filthy face held between gaunt and dirty hands; this, upraised to an object on an opposite fence, an ugly, repulsive picture from head to foot, save in one detail, and that the casual passer might not easily notice. The eyes, which dirt could not stain, which rags could not affect, which ill-usage could not wound, were beautiful! A struggling soul looked out from them, light shone around its presence, and from the curiosity of their fixed gaze, a trace of innocence, or, perhaps, more truly, of unconsciousness, softly dwelt, hiding for the time the bitter fruit of the bitter tree. For the rest, these eyes were of the indescribable gray which some people call black, and some blue, and which can picture a storm-cloud in passion, or glow with lovely light in happiness and hope; the wonderful, beautiful gray, that no tint of artist's pen can paint, nor no words of poet's verse embody, yet over which artists dream and poets sing continually. Yes, there they shone from beneath the grimy brows of this little street Arab, all their capability of soul bent on a ragged varieties bill, fluttering from the black fence opposite; all their strange beauty of light and shadow expended on the task of learning the letters staring from its yellow ground.

"Hello, Nole!" cried a boy's shrill voice; "forgittin' it all! hey?"

The boy was a dirty boy, a shambling boy, a boy that looked as if he slunk through life with a sense of being continually pursued, a boy with no expression whatever of face or eye, but the low cunning engendered by this method of life.

"Oh, Gabe," she said, and the tone was an abstracted one, and the eyes never desisted from their study, "the last un; the last! that un with the two bars an' the cat-a-cornered line down—I forget it! Tell it—bez—biz—no, zib; what *is* it?" Then all the light of the eyes were concentrated on his greedy face.

He stood, regarding her with a leer, his hands in his tattered pockets, through which they showed, horny and red, as revolting a picture of petty despotism and covetous desire as could well be imagined.

"Where's the stamps then? Shell out first, Nole! Ye know I'm up to yer games!"

"Ah, Gabe, trust me! I didn't git a chance last night; an' if ye gi' me this one letter, I'll have 'em all!"

"No, sir-ee; no pay, no larnin!" and he slunk away.

She sat for a moment like one stunned, and—yes, tears actually rose to the questioning eyes. But she conquered them, and again turned the eager gaze upon the bill.

"Zuma," she repeated to herself, "that's the word, it's the commencement uv zu—;" then she uttered the phonetic sound of *z*. "What kin it be? I'll make it any way."

She drew from the bosom of her ragged dress a roll of brown wrapping-paper, enveloping a piece of charcoal. On this, as she opened it, could be seen the letters of the alphabet from *a* to *y*, pretty accurately made. To the end of the list she proceeded to affix the *z*, copying it from the bill, and forming, as she did so, a suggestive tableau. An artist might have painted the forlorn figure and its filthy surroundings; the curious copy spread out on the little knees; the grotesque pencil, and the small, brown hand guiding it. But the most skilful could not have fixed to his canvass the look of absorbed intelligence darted to the ragged play-bill at every uplifting of the frowsy head, or the delighted and eager one, as it drooped over its task. These were as impossible to paint as they were charming to all true lovers of Nature. To such charm as lay in the whole scene, there had been, from the beginning, a charmed spectator. This was an

old gentleman, not clad in the latest style, and evidently oblivious of appearances generally. He had a fresh and ruddy and handsome face, suggestive of country air and plenty of baths, and this was fitly set in silver waves of beard and hair. As he moved forward towards our tableau, he revealed a little lameness in the right foot, which only served to enhance one's interest in his quaint and portly figure, with its blue broadcloth suit of ancient cut, and its buff vest, and snowy linen peeping through. He approached the poor little figure softly, and with a simplicity of awe quite refreshing to look upon, and gave token of his presence by ejaculating in the most cautious of whispers,

"Child!"

But the letter, with "the two bars and the cat-a-cornered line down," was not completed, and the abstracted child never changed attitude or look.

"Extraordinary power of concentrativeness!" he said, in the same cautious whisper, but to himself. "I'll now test her already proved capacity for useful knowledge."

Though almost close to her, he then arranged his two hands as a speaking trumpet, and roared in a voice loud enough to awake one of the Seven Sleepers:

"Say, that's *zed!*"

I do not think the visible advent of an angel could have produced a more wonderful and instantaneous burst of light on the little dirty face than that which leaped to it now. A smile reigned in place of the conquered tears, a luminous glow in place of the shadow.

"Knew I'd bring you!" he cried, rubbing his hands together, and chuckling: "Say 'em all now."

She looked at him doubtfully, heaving a wistful sigh.

"No; I'm not Gabe," he said, seating himself with a little difficulty on the low place beside her; "*I* don't expect pay."

She began and repeated all the letters, pointing to each as she pronounced it, and winding up with the final "zed" triumphantly, he nodding assent to every turn of the recitation.

"Yes," he put in at the end, "often called *zee*, in fact always by these new pedagogues."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Well, for instance," pointing over his shoulder in the direction the boy has gone, "Gabe there. Gabe would make a first-class one, with his motto: 'no pay, no learnin';' and his desire for you to 'forgit,' in order to spin out the pay. Now tell me, have you any more of these?"

She drew out another roll. Upon examination, it displayed the most extraordinary vocabulary of words that could well be imagined as having been culled from fields of English lore. With his previous knowledge gained from witnessing the scene just described, he divined that they had all been copied from play-bills. "Scout," "ranger," "bloody," "strangulation," "hell-hound," "prairie-chief," "thunderbolt," "death's head." These were a few which will serve to illustrate the whole.

"Learn 'em all yourself?" he inquired.

"Yes—least I put 'em down, an' ast Jake—he know'd more 'n Gabe. He didn't charge neither!"

"And where's Jake?"

"In jail. Stole."

"Stole what?"

"Money, an' he wanted to git me things, or he wouldn't 'a done it. I never had nothin' but what Jake got me."

"Why did you want to learn?"

"To git so I needn't steal. Gabe don't need to steal any more."

"Humph! There are more ways of stealing, 'than are dreamed of in your philosophy.' What's your name?"

"Nole; mother called me Leonora."

"Why do you want to get so you 'needn't steal?' "

"You're always goin' to be catched, you know, an' it's so wearin'. I foun' out there was a way uv gittin' things, an' it didn't make any difference if you was catched. I don't know what the way is," with a very weary and helpless look, "but all the young uns what knows it, walks along with clean dresses an' books, an' I guess they git the way out o' the books, so I want to larn an' git it too. I don't think I could ever stand bein' catched, yo' know!"

"What do you suppose is done to you when you're 'catched?' "

A fearful look stole over the dirty face, a look only fit for face of convicted murderer or detected felon.

"Yer tongue tore out, an' you tied to a wall, an' whipped with iron rods!"

"Who told you that?"

"Moll an' Bill, an' all 'em in there," pointing to a reeking house near; "I live there."

"God help you!"

"Yes! Every one of 'em says that, only *they* say 'damn,' instead of uv help! What's the difference?"

"Oh! Lord!" This was a groan.

"Oh!—Lord!"

She regarded him with a stare of undisguised astonishment.

"Sick, eh?" she asked.

"Yes, to the heart—child, child!"

He sat like one in a dream for a few minutes, then pointed to the paper.

"Do you know all these words?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Let's examine you."

He pointed to them, "up and down" and "every way." She knew each instantly.

"And you knew these before the letters!" he said.

"Yes, 'twas Gabe told me about *them*, an' how, if I'd larn his way, I needn't be mindin' every word separate, but could make 'em myself. Now I'd like to know his way, but he's got mad because I had no stamps to-day, so I guess he'll not show me any more. Do *you* know Gabe's way?"

He smiled to himself.

"So you went backwards; new style of education; words, whoppers of words at that, first, letters afterwards. And where now did you get 'the stamps?' "

She looked at him wistfully, cautiously.

"Ef Bill'd ever find out, I'd be murdered!"

The last dread word was said in a dread tone, dread from any lips, but fearfully so from a child's, with its strange certainty and terrible matter-of-fact interpretation.

"Bill shall not know," said her listener, in a pitying voice, quite as full of tears, and quite as tender as any woman's. For the simple and self-evident fact, that the poor little dark soul, had braved "murder" to gain a ray of light, went like the stab of a steel blade to his very heart.

"Come, tell me all."

She put her lips to his ear.

"When he gits drunk, I—I—take them out of his pocket. Ef it was Jake, I'd ast for them."

He stood up and walked about, evidently revolving in his mind some knotty question. Suddenly he stopped before her.

"Do you know who you are?" he said. "Got any parents?"

She shook her head.

"Got any name but Nole?"

"Jake says I have, but I forgit. It's an awful funny word."

"Do you remember your mother?"

"Yes, fur *she* never kicked me."

"Father did, eh?"

"I guess he did, an' got drunk! But he didn't steal like the rest."

"What did he do for a living!"

"*They*," pointing to the house, "said he played. I always thought play was something funny, but I bet ye, he was never funny."

"Both dead?"

"Yes, mother died first. Then

father got run over one day he was drunk, an' Jake kep' me here; an' only he was put in jail, I'd belong to him, I guess. I don't belong to no one now, an' ef I could git out o' here, they'd never miss me."

He walked up and down again now.

"This Jake," he remarked, more to himself than to her, "it might be well to see him!"

But she caught the words.

"Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands, and letting her precious papers fall, "*could* you bring me to Jake? Oh! when I stole frum Bill, I didn't care much ef I was catched so I'd be brought to Jake's jail, even ef I was whipped with an iron rod!"

Now he turned away; now he lost power of speech; now he could not face the sight she formed. She, with the death of hope stamped on her face, stooped to pick up her papers, for she thought he was going. He let her pick them up, stow them furtively away amongst the rags of her dress, sigh a woful sigh from the very depths of her aching heart, turn a last look on him, and begin to trace some lagging steps towards the tumble-down tenement. Then he started like one awakened from a dream, gained her side with a couple of rapid strides, took her thin and dirty hand in his.

"I will go with you," he said. "Show me Moll and Bill, and the rest."

She looked a little frightened, but cowering before his determined aspect, she led him obediently onward. Such squalor, such dirt, such defacing of the image of God in the human face, created to reflect a soul; such utter absence of human decency and human comfort, this man, old in the progress of life, had never seen before, as that which met his eyes on entering the house. Men swearing or fighting or playing cards as demons might; women and children half naked, and huddled together like animals, all on the filthy floor; none occupied in aught but what was wrong; the little ones imitating perfectly the horrid looks of hate and greed to be seen on the elder faces; the young voices echoing curses and angry words: this is but a faint outline of the scene. He stood a moment looking at it. Then said he: "My good people, is it true that none of you can lay claim to this child?"

"Good people! Ha! ha! ha!" the chorus was almost diabolical in its tone; "ef she's worth anything, we all claim her!"

The child trembled from head to foot. "Bill, that's Bill," she whispered, faintly.

"Has she any father, or mother, or other relation amongst you?" he asked then, mildly, but in that self-contained and firm tone which always conquers ruffianism.

"Nary one!" shrieked one of the women, "an' a good bargain uv trouble *you'll* have, old gent, ef you take Nole with ye!"

"Come, child," he said, gently.

"Where?" she asked, wistfully.

"Where, thank God! you can learn to forget all this!"

So she went with him, and quite trustingly faced the unknown, because all she knew of kindness or of pity led her towards its hidden shores.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

ITS LEGITIMATE TITLES CONSIDERED.

PUBLIC NECESSITY; THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE; THE DONATION OF PEPIN.

We live in an age of appearances. Everything is done for appearance sake, and it matters very little whether there be a reality beneath or not. In fact, if there be no reality to sustain the appearances with consistency, it is counted as another evidence of the advanced civilization of our age, that it can get up an appearance on nothing. Confining our observations to Italy, we might cite, as evidences, such appearances as the memorandum of Visconti Venosta to the powers of Europe, previous to the *annexation* of Rome; that monstrous impostor called the "Roman Plebiscite," and that other agglomeration of lies, the "Papal Guarantees." These, and innumerable other productions of the age, are appearances only; and although this age professes to be very discriminating, it has failed as yet to perceive that they are a flagrant insult to the most ordinary intelligence.

But to come to the point at issue, to wit, the temporal power of the Popes. To legitimize the suspension of this power a great many appearances were gotten up, and the world in a great measure is receiving them as realities. Since our question is juridical, we too will cite appearances—which, however, will represent realities—to prove the legitimacy of the temporal power of the Church, and, consequently, to brand the annexation of 1870 with its true title, a monstrosity of injustice. The acquisition of territory is accomplished in these days with surprising facility. A march upon a defenceless city, with the avowed intention of protecting the citizens—it is not for them to inquire from what—a forced entrance, a plebiscite, and the deed is done. But in the days of the formal establishment of the temporal power of the Church the matter was not so easily accomplished. There lived in those days a very estimable and strictly uncompromising personage called Justice. She watched with an impartial eye every transaction between man and man, between communities and communities, and, above all, between governments and governments. We do not pretend to say that her principles were conscientiously taken into consideration in each and every particular; nay, we will state frankly, that in enforcing the observance of her principles dame Justice enjoyed no sinecure. Those ages were very ruthless. They very often did open violence to Justice and buffeted her about promiscuously, but they never attempted her utter annihilation, and, on the whole, acknowledged her right to exist. The present age has strangled her outright, and naught is left us now but to pray for her speedy resurrection.

That in the establishment of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiffs the voice of Justice was hearkened to, and no principle of equity violated, is a conclusion which has been already set forth in an indirect manner, in the two previous papers on the Temporal Power. Our direct purpose there was not to prove its legitimacy, but to determine when it began to exist. We are aware that it is a received maxim in politics nowadays, that an "accomplished fact" is a fact justified. We might invoke this maxim in favor of our thesis, seeing that the temporal power

was an accomplished fact of several centuries' standing. But we will leave that argument to the sorry quibblers who are beholden to it. We might with more effect cite the sentiments of authors of different ages, and different views in other matters, but agreeing in this, to prove the justice of this establishment, which is the subject of so much controversy to-day. But that would lengthen our paper beyond the limits compatible with a monthly review. Suffice it to quote two authors, whose authority is beyond dispute. De Maistre, in his learned work, Du Pape, lib. ii, c. 6, thus expresses himself on the legitimacy of the temporal power: "There is not in all Europe a sovereignty which is more justifiable, if I can express myself thus, than that of the Roman Pontiffs. It is like the divine law, *Justificata in semetipsa*" (justified in itself). Even the pen of Gibbon, the most unsparing enemy that the Church or the Popes could have, was forced, in deference to a truth which is too patent to be denied, to make the following acknowledgment: "The temporal dominion of the Popes is confirmed to-day by the reverence of ten centuries; and their most beautiful title is the free choice of a people whom they liberated from slavery." (Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, chapter 49.) Let us, however, examine the identical principles of justice which induced the authors just cited to regard the temporal power as being founded in titles which defy dispute. A sovereignty may be legitimately acquired by election, by concession or donation, by conquest, and by the necessity of the public welfare. Election comes from the people, who have a right of choosing their sovereign. Such were the ancient Teutons and the Goths. A grant or donation is made by the legitimate possessor of a state to another, who receives the title-deeds under certain conditions proposed by the giver. We may cite, as an example, the cession of Savoy by Victor Emmanuel to Napoleon I. Conquest is the work of violence, of force, and the possession thus acquired is legitimate if the war be just; if the war be unjust it is called usurpation. We should say it *was* called usurpation; the modern name is *annexation.* Lastly, public necessity may constitute a just title to possession in him who, in a time of general dismay, abandonment, and confusion, and when society is without a protector, takes upon himself the weight of government, thus laying a claim to the rights of a sovereign.

Now we maintain that every title mentioned was verified in the establishment of the temporal power. There was the election of a people, who, first oppressed and tyrannized over by their rulers, and afterwards abandoned entirely by them, had an incontrovertible right to choose a sovereign; which they did, when, in their utter distress, they turned to the Popes for guidance and protection. There was the grant, or donation, made by Pepin the Short, who had acquired a legitimate possession in a just and successful war, which he undertook at the prayers of those whose rights were violated, viz., the Roman people. In fine, there was the supreme law of public necessity. Rome, abandoned by the Greek Emperors, first, at the very time of the Lombard invasion, would have inevitably fallen a prey to the Barbarians, becoming their miserable slaves, if the Popes, in their charity, had not come to their assistance, and taken up the reins of government, which were shamefully dropped by the Greek Emperors. Generally speaking, where many causes concur in producing the same effect, there is a certain concatenation between them—a law of supremacy, as it were, which makes one depend upon the other. This is eminently true of the causes just named. Hence arises the question, which of the causes men-

tioned constitutes the primary and radical title of legitimacy in the temporal power? The answer to this question will form the principal conclusion of this paper. No one can reflect seriously on the events narrated in the last two papers, and be at a loss to assign the principal title of legitimacy. The necessity of the times brought about the establishment of the temporal power; and from this necessity depend the other two titles which we assign, the will of the people and the donation of Pepin. To prove the existence of this necessity, is supererogatory. If it be conceded at all, that Rome and the surrounding provinces were abandoned by those whose duty it was to watch over them and protect them, the necessity of some one's coming to their assistance is self-evident. The abandonment of the Roman people by the Greek Emperors is eloquently attested by the facts of the sixth and seventh centuries. Though this abandonment may be said to have begun after the translation of the capital from Rome to Constantinople, yet it was not keenly and palpably felt by the people until the sixth century, after the Gothic war, and the victories of Belisarius and Narsetes. Then it was that the Lombards began their career of invasion. In fact, if they almost succeeded in bringing the whole of Italy under their yoke, it was because their ambition and cupidity were first roused by the traitorous eunuch, Narsetes.

The Emperors, as we have already seen, troubled themselves very little about Italy, and left it entirely to the mercy of the Exarch of Ravenna. These, however, devoted themselves more to the exaction of taxes for the support of the court of Constantinople, and to an endeavor to make the orthodox Italians subscribe to the formulæ of faith, proposed by the Emperors, than to protecting the people from the fury of the Lombards. Nay, we have already seen, that the Exarchs suffered themselves to be driven out of Ravenna by Astulphus, without making as much as a struggle to sustain the Imperial power. To the Popes, Gregory the Great, and the other two Gregorys, to Zachary, and Stephen II, is due, that the Exarchate of Ravenna did not perish long before the date of its final overthrow. We have already reviewed the events of the reigns of Leo the Isorian, and of Constantine Capromicus, when the abandonment of Rome was made complete. Suffice it to recall the answer which the latter gave to the Roman legates when they brought him presents, and begged him to send an armed force into Italy, to protect them from the Lombards. Refusing the gift, he bade them buy off the Lombards with it, or ask the Franks to help them. We may conclude with De Maistre (Du Pape, lib. ii, chap. vi), that the Emperors, by such a flagrant neglect of their most sacred duties, *studiously betrayed Italy* into the hands of the Barbarians, deeming it quite a happy expedient to allow them to ravage Italy, and thus divert their attention from Constantinople.

Having established the fact of the abandonment of Rome, and hence the public necessity which appealed to the Popes, and moved them to take upon themselves the cares of government, it is not illogical to conclude that such a necessity constituted a most legitimate title to a new sovereignty. The preserver of any community or society abandoned by its rulers, naturally acquires, in assuming the burden of governing and preserving it from ruin, a just claim to the rights of a sovereign. Common sense suggests this, nor does it need any principle of ancient or modern jurisprudence to prove it. It is founded, first of all, in the law of nature, which, since it wishes to preserve being or existence, must wish for the means necessary to that end; secondly, in the nature of society itself, which cannot exist

without the preserving principle of authority embodied in some individual, or body of individuals, no more than can the body exist without the soul, which is the principle of life. Hence it follows, that this principle of legitimacy, being founded in the very nature of things, must hold good at all times and in all places, is independent of all political changes and doctrines. From what has been said, it follows that the necessity of the public welfare constitutes a just and legitimate title of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes. We affirm, moreover, that this is the principal and fundamental title, without which the other titles could not very well exist. The other titles presuppose this, and without it they would be wanting in that justice which is necessary to establish a title. In fact, the will of the people would not, in itself, be sufficient; neither could they choose a sovereign, if the abandonment of their own lawful sovereigns had not placed them in the condition of people deprived of all authority, and extremely desirous, for their own social existence, of restoring it. Neither could Pepin have taken up arms against Astulphus, if the Greek Emperors, instead of abandoning Rome and Ravenna to the fury of the Lombards, had maintained a vigorous defence, and thus preserved the imperial power in the West. This abandonment, therefore, and the necessity which followed, constituted the principal and fundamental title of the sovereignty of the Popes. Having thus established the primary title, let us pass to a consideration of the claim which is founded in the will of the people.

The will of the people, together with the donation of Pepin, completed, in all its fulness, the temporal dominion of the Popes. They gave a decisive and lasting form to that political influence and authority which the Popes had exercised for long centuries before. Though the necessity of the times endowed the Roman Pontiffs with an indisputable right to act as sovereigns, still this right of itself was only temporary, and, in strict justice, could only exist as long as the necessity of saving Rome from ruin existed. To save a people from the ruin which threatens them, undoubtedly gives to their preserver unlimited claims upon their gratitude. But the fact does not of itself constitute a legitimate and lasting title of sovereign authority over that people. The man who rescues another from shipwreck, although entitled to his gratitude, does not acquire a right over his person or property. To the merit, therefore, of all the benefits which the Popes had conferred upon the Roman people, in their extreme necessity, it was necessary to add the consent of the people themselves, the investiture, so to speak, of the authority by those who, under the circumstances, were capable of conferring it, before they would be considered as endowed *in perpetuum*, with the rights of sovereigns. We shall not examine here, whether the will of the people could, under the circumstances, be set at naught. Such things have, in fact, happened, and no question of justice was raised afterwards. It is evident that the ruler, *pro tempore*, or benefactor of any society, does not, by that very fact, acquire sovereign rights over the same society. But it is also true, that society has the right of preserving its own existence, and must endeavor not to be tossed by new storms, through a mere caprice of changing the form of government. Hence follows an obligation on the part of the subjects of accepting that form of government which providential facts, over which they have no control, have established. These remarks are not intended to legitimize the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, because they became sovereigns by the free and unqualified choice of the people. We would, however, remark, that

the will of the people, of which we speak, has nothing in common with the modern theory and practice of the "sovereign people," who can confer and revoke sovereign power at will. The revolutionary spirit, as it is understood now, was not in existence in those days. The motto then was: "Given once, given forever." Another point to be borne in mind is this: It must not be imagined that the manifestation of the will of the people, in choosing the Popes as their temporal rulers, was made solemnly with set legal forms on a day established for the purpose, and that the "yeas" and the "nays" were counted out in the presence of a committee formed for that especial purpose. The vote of Italy, which called the Popes to the supreme civil power, bore no resemblance to *plebiscites*, ancient or modern. We need not bewail this want of formality. When we reflect on the strange and portentous consummations effected by universal suffrage in these our days, consummations which the more eloquent and universal suffrage of facts condemns, we do not go too far in asserting, that there is not a more lying and deceitful Proteus in existence than what is now styled a *plebiscite*. No, the suffrage of those days was nature's own impulse, and was called forth by the stern necessity of the times, and the resplendent virtues, religious and civil, of the Roman Pontiffs, from Leo the Great down to Stephen II. Only in such men as these could Italy find the power, the wisdom, and the charity necessary in times of such universal calamities. Now, as it always happens in events of nature's bringing about, in facts which begin to exist imperceptibly, and go on developing themselves until they become a powerful reality, so was it in this fact of the manifestation of the will of the Italian people. The precise moment of its manifestation cannot be determined. And yet, whoever places himself in the midst of the events of the eighth century, and then glances, even hurriedly, over the events of the three preceding centuries, cannot help meeting a thousand indications of the suffrage of the people; and will be forced to conclude that the Popes, in taking upon themselves the burden of the civil authority, yielded as much to the express desires of the people as to the imperious necessity of the times. In fact, the same may be said of the people of Rome, which has already been said of the Popes. As the Popes were sovereigns in fact, long before their right was formally defined, and before they themselves were fully aware of it, so the Romans and the Italians of Pentapolis were the willing subjects of the Popes, centuries before they were definitely regarded as such. There was a sort of mutual and continual attraction on either side. The Pontiffs, in the abundance of their great charity, felt themselves drawn towards their children, and were moved by a holy desire of acting as their protectors in the misfortunes of the times. The people, on the other hand, were drawn more closely to the Popes by a sense of gratitude, which gave birth to a strong and unchanging love for them. The Popes assumed the cares of the government, without seeking the honors thereof; while the people, with the love and docility of children, anticipated the duties and the respect of subjects. Thus, this mutual sympathy went on growing stronger as new trials, common both to the Popes and the people, drew them more closely together, until the extreme danger, which the Popes saw threatening Italy, forced them to make a lasting provision, by uniting themselves inseparably with the people in a loving bond of subjection on the one side, and fatherly tenderness coupled with sovereign power on the other. Sooth to say, if ever there was a government which was truly fraternal, either in its origin or in the exercise of the supreme power,

that government was the Papal government in the times of which we write. But there are not wanting positive proofs of the manifestation of the desire of the people to have the Popes as their rulers. We will cite a few of the most celebrated Pontiffs, in whose writings we find examples of the strong desire on the part of the people that the Popes would take upon themselves the administration of the civil government. Let it suffice to name a Leo the Great, the conqueror, first of Attila and then of Genseric, who, in his letter to Pulcheria Augusta, states that, at the "*prayers of the citizens*," he had undertaken to discharge civil duties; a Gregory the Great, who, during the fourteen years of his pontificate, was the only salvation of Italy; a Sergius, whose life and liberty were so dear to the Roman people, that, when Zacchary the Protospatarius came to Rome, with orders to bear the Pope off to Constantinople, not only Rome, but all Pentapolis rose up, to a man, and even the soldiers of Ravenna came to his rescue; a Gregory II, upon whom, as he himself wrote to the Emperor, the eyes of all the West were turned with confidence and *obedience;* a Gregory III, worthy successor of the former, both in religious and civil virtues, who, at the prayers of the people, stayed the ambitious Luitbrand; a Zacchary, who was meekness itself; and, finally, a Stephen II, whom the people hailed, on his return from France, after his successful mission to Pepin, with the title of "Pastor noster et post Dominum SALUS NOSTRA."

In fine, the fact itself, that the Popes, for three centuries before Stephen II, possessed and exercised so much authority in civil matters, as can only belong to a sovereign, and that, not only without the slightest indication of dissatisfaction, jealousy, or resistance on the part of the people, but, on the contrary, they showed their grateful acceptance, by an implicit obedience to that authority, by invoking it in all their troubles, and by showing themselves ever ready to defend the Popes, even at their own risk—this fact alone is sufficient to prove what were the sentiments of the people in the matter of making a choice. Their choice was made by the suffrage of facts, which are more eloquent and more reliable than the elections and plebiscites of our times, even supposing that the latter are conducted honestly.

The Donation of Pepin.—If ever it were true of that generous nation of the French, that it was moved by a chivalrous instinct, in running to the defence of any just or noble cause, it was supereminently true, when Pepin, with the consent of his dukes, and with the nerve and sinew of his army, twice crossed the Alps, and liberated Rome and the provinces from the Lombard yoke. This immortal act of Pepin's, and the liberality with which he ceded all to St. Peter, without a thought of himself, have justly merited for him the admiration of posterity. And yet there are not wanting Pharisees, who accuse Pepin of giving away what was not his own; and at the same time, with an unpardonable inconsistency, they praise to the skies the victories of Magenta and Solferino; they call Louis Napoleon's donation of Lombardy to Piedmont a noble act of generosity; nay, they give the name of "glorious" to the parricidal war, waged by Garibaldi and Cialdini against the Sovereign Pontiff; while the *annexation* of 1870 is the fulness of justice itself. Others again admit that Pepin was entitled to make a donation, but add that he should have made it, not to the Popes, but to the Greek Emperors. Gibbon, on the contrary, recognizes the justice of Pepin's donation, but accuses the Popes of ambition, and of perfidy towards the Byzantine Cæsars. He writes, "The ambition and avarice of the Popes have been very much blamed in this matter. The humility

of a Christian priest should have refused an earthly kingdom, which he could not easily govern, without renouncing the virtues of his calling. If the Emperor had commissioned Stephen to solicit the restoration of the Exarchate, I would not absolve the Pope from the accusation of treachery and double-dealing. But according to the rigor of the law, *any one can accept, without injury to another, that which a benefactor can, without injustice, bestow upon him.* The Greek Emperor had abandoned and lost his right upon the Exarchate, and the sword of Astulphus was broken in two by the more powerful sword of the Frankish King. If Pepin exposed his person and his army to the dangers of two expeditions across the Alps, he did not do so to defend the cause of the Iconoclasts. *He was the legal possessor of the conquests which he had made, and could legally dispose of them.* And to the importunate demands of the Greeks, he devoutly answered, that no human respect would induce him to take back the gift, which, for the remission of his sins, and the salvation of his soul, he had made to the Roman Pontiff." Gibbon is logical in the above, though, had he read the history of the three preceding centuries, with a little less animosity in his soul towards the Roman Pontiffs, he would be far from accusing Stephen II of ambition. But to return to Pepin's donation. We affirm, with Gibbon, that he gave what was legally his own. The cities which he bestowed had become his by the fortune of a just war; just in its purpose, because undertaken to liberate his friends and allies from the oppression and depredations of a robber king; just in the manner in which it was carried on, because Pepin not only declared it formally, but he tried persuasion to induce the Lombards to desist from their wicked career. It was just, finally, in the moderation which was observed after the victory of Pavia; because Pepin did not treat Astulphus according to the usages of war then in vogue, but pardoned him, and even admitted him as a party, in the solemn treaty of Pavia. Pepin, therefore, had a perfect right to dispose of his conquest, and bestowing it upon St. Peter, as he swore at Quiersy, he neither could nor did violate the rights of any one. In the second place, it is equally false, that Pepin should have made the donation to the Emperor, and not to Stephen II. On the one hand, the Emperor had long since abandoned those provinces to their fate, and had ceased to offer them any protection whatever; he was rather their oppressor. Hence, he had lost all right to rule them, and much less had he any right to claim them, when they had become the object of a new conquest. Pepin, on the other hand, had made no promises to the Emperor, had formed no alliance or treaty with him. He protested solemnly that he only took up the sword for love of St. Peter. He had made a treaty with the Pope and the Romans, not as subjects of the empire, but as a miserable people, bereft of every protection, and left to themselves. Hence, he owed nothing to the Emperor. On the contrary, if Pepin had made the donation to the Emperor instead of to the Pope, he would have basely betrayed the hopes of the Roman people, and, instead of conferring a benefit upon them, as they had besought him to do, he would have done them an injury, by bringing them back under the much-dreaded yoke of the Greek Cæsars.

Pepin's donation, therefore, was most just, and, as a consequence, forms a just title of legitimacy in the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes. Though we attach so much importance to the donation of Pepin, yet we are far from admitting, with several French writers, that it constitutes the principal and only title of legitimacy. This may be gathered from the order of events, and the

conclusions following therefrom. From what has been said, it is evident that Pepin, at most, only added a powerful title to the two, still more incontrovertible and evident, which already existed, to wit, public necessity, and the desire of the people. The testimony of an eminent French writer may certainly be regarded in this matter as conclusive. "It is a rather common belief, that the Popes owed everything to the Carlovingians. And yet nothing is more false. The idea of the sovereignty of the Popes was so universal, and so indisputable, before the donation of the Carlovingians, that Pepin, before attacking Astulphus, sent several ambassadors to him, intimating that he should restore its possessions to the Church and the Roman republic." (Mgr. Dupanloup, La Souveraineté du Pape, page 128.) This conclusion follows from all the historical monuments extant. In the first place, from what has been set forth in our former papers, it is evident that the Pope, in fact and in right, was sovereign of Rome and the surroundings, so that, if the depredations of Astulphus had not called for the intervention of Pepin, the Papal dominion could have tranquilly existed, and have sufficient justification in the other two titles, even as it had existed before the donation of Pepin. In the second place, the donation of Pepin did not comprise all the States of the Church, but only some of the provinces. This will appear more evident in another paper, which will treat of the extent of the Papal territory. Let it suffice for our purpose to state that the possessions of the Church were divided into two parts, the Southern and the Northern. The Southern comprised the city of Rome, and what was then known as the Duchy. The Northern embraced Pentapolis and Ravenna. Now, neither Rome nor the Duchy was donated by Pepin, since they had not been *annexed* by Astulphus. The Roman territory had been invaded by Astulphus, but the expedition of Pepin interrupted the operations of the Lombards in the Roman provinces, and forced them to return to the defence of Pavia. Ravenna, however, and the Pentapolis had been seized by the Lombards some time previous, and these formed the substance of Pepin's donation. Rome and the Duchy were always regarded as belonging to the Popes, as may be gathered from the Diploma of Ludovicus Pius, in which the Emperor confirms all the possessions of the Popes. The Emperor begins by naming "*Civitatem Romana meum ducatu suo et suburbanis*, etc., sicut a predecessoribus vestris usque nunc in vestra potestate et dictione tenuistis et disposuistis." (The city of Rome with its duchy and surroundings, as you have held them in your power and dominion up to this time, from your predecessors.) From this, it is evident that the Church, prior to the donation of Pepin, already possessed considerable territory, and hence the donation cannot be regarded as the only title of legitimacy. We do not say this with the view of derogating from the merits of the Frankish King. Though his donation did not constitute the sole right of the Roman Pontiffs to temporal sovereigns, still that right which they already possessed was not formally defined and recognized in Europe until the treaty of Pavia, and, in this respect, the donation of Pepin assumes an importance which cannot be overlooked. Recapitulating now what has been said, we conclude, firstly, the Temporal Power of the Popes did not spring from the revolution of the Italian people against the Greek Emperors, nor from the Iconoclast heresy, though both one and the other tended to estrange Italy from the empire. Secondly. The foundation upon which the edifice of the Temporal Power is raised, was the abandonment of Rome and the Exarchate of Ravenna by the Emperors. Thirdly. In this aban-

donment an urgent public necessity called for a sovereign, a ruler. Now, the Popes, on the one hand, who, in point of fact, had for a long time been the only protectors of those provinces, had acquired every claim to the sovereignty; and, on the other, the unanimous suffrage of the people constituted them sovereigns. Thus, the temporal sovereignty was established not only in fact, but also in a perfect right. Fourthly. But the Lombards made inroads on this new state, and to save it from ruin, Stephen II invoked the aid of Pepin the Short. A treaty was signed at Quiersy, and put into effect in the two expeditions of Pepin against Astulphus, and confirmed anew in the two treaties of Pavia. Pepin constrained Astulphus to give up the provinces which he had usurped, and, in his turn, ceded them to the Pope, thus confirming the latter in the possession of his territory, and gave to it, by the legal sanction of public treaties, solemnly recognized, a lasting seal, which later on was confirmed by the consent of the whole world, and the reverenue of eleven centuries.

Such, in brief, are the fundamental titles of legitimacy in the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, and we cannot give a more fitting conclusion to our considerations than the words of the Protestant historian, Leo: "La souveraineté temporelle du Pape repose sur un droit plus incontestable, que celui de toute autre souveraineté de l'Europe."

LILIES AND ROSES.

(IN HONOREM S. MARGARITÆ, V.M.)

Lilies white and roses red
Deck the Spouse's golden bed:
Roses, for the Martyr train
For the love of Jesus slain;
Lilies, for the Virgins dight
In His Mother's mantle bright.

Margaret, how blest art thou!
Double glories grace thee now—
Virgin pure and Martyr true,
Thine the lily's spotless hue;
Thine the rose's crimson wreath,
For the love which conquers death.

Lord, Thy Virgin's Innocence
Keep us pure from all offence:
Nerve our hearts to courage high,
Lord, Thy Martyr's constancy!
Dauntless, stainless, pure, and brave,
Lead to glory through the grave.

THE BELFOREST BANK FAILURE.

I.

THREE GENERATIONS: TWO FRIENDS.

"As firm as a rock, sir,—as firm as a rock!" was the unanimous opinion of the people of Eagle's Falls when anybody mentioned the Belforest Bank; and the people of Eagle's Falls, being Pennsylvanians with streaks of cautious Dutch blood in their composition, are not far behind their brethren of New England in "'cuteness." If a clear record and unvarying steadfastness for more than fourscore years deserve confidence, the Eagle's Falls people were neither rash nor imprudent in implicitly trusting their great institution. It had stood all the shocks of Jackson's administration, partly because its conductors, the Belforests, father and son, were sagacious, and partly because it was rather an elastic sapling bowing before the blast than a towering oak.

Like the wealth of the Rothschilds —this phrase, by the way, is from the Eagle's Falls *Argus*—it was founded on an act of honesty.

One October night, in 1777, James Belforest sat beside his spacious fireplace in the stone farmhouse. He was too old and feeble to fight against the invader, but his mind was active, and just then it was following his son in the army.

The distant thunder of cannon came from the direction of Germantown. Each detonation froze the old man's blood. He shuddered, and cowered close to the hearth. War is horrible to those who fight, but even more so to those who wait. In the midst of his torturing suspense, he heard a faint sound at the door, and then a groan.

Might it not be his son returning, wounded, dying?

With trembling fingers, he pushed back the bolt, and threw open the heavy door. On the threshold lay a man in the uniform of a British officer. The face, upturned in the pale starlight, was young and handsome, though pain had made the features rigid, and drawn dark shadows under the eyes.

James Belforest slowly and tenderly moved the almost helpless man to the fire. His eyes, growing misty with the coming of death, spoke their gratitude. With an effort, he tore a ring from his finger, and drew by a thin chain a diamond cross from his breast. James Belforest tried to stanch the blood that oozed from a wound in his left side, just beneath the shoulder.

"It is useless," gasped the officer. "I am dying. Promise that you —send this ring and cross—to my mother in Lancashire. I am Henry Somerville."

Before James Belforest could speak, the young man made a convulsive movement, raised the cross to his lips, and fell back on the hard oak floor, dead.

After the war, old James and young James were again united. Some of their neighbors advised them to keep the "British spoil," but both the Belforests were honorable men, and, after some delay, the cross and ring were sent across the ocean to Lady Somerville, of Todmorden, Lancashire.

Two years passed. Young James Belforest worked on the small farm, and old James took his ease in the stone farmhouse, building castles in the air.

One day a letter came from London. Lady Somerville was dead. To James Belforest, she had bequeathed five thousand pounds and the cross set with diamonds.

"Father," said James the younger,

"let us leave the old place. I was not made to be a farmer."

"I have known that for a long time. You have submitted to necessity; you have done your best. I have made a plan for us both. We will go to Eagle's Falls."

Young America of to-day would have questioned, and probably doubted, "the old man's" wisdom. Years ago things were different; fathers were kings in their own households; and their power seems to have fallen with the other monarchies.

And so, one of old James Belforest's castles in the air became a reality, and the Belforest Bank was started, with Lady Somerville's five thousand pounds, after young James had been sent to Philadelphia for advice from the sapient Benjamin Franklin.

People shook their heads at first, and prophesied a failure, but old James, who had been in a London banking firm, knew what he was about, and the venture prospered.

James Belforest, third of the name, and grandson of the original James, associated with him, on the death of his father, Albert Verner. The bank flourished still, and the Belforest name was a power in the land.

Little Alice Belforest had a bright future before her, it seemed, although her mother had been dead one year; for all that wealth could give would be hers. This was in 1855.

On a bright morning in that year, James Belforest kissed his little daughter for the last time, and went down to the bank. As he entered, a clerk handed him a note.

"It was left here a few minutes ago, sir."

James Belforest carelessly ran his eye over the contents, and then all the ruddy color left his face. He staggered into his office, closed the door, and read the note again.

"You have trusted me too much. The entireness of your trust tempted me. I have speculated with the money of the bank, and my speculations have failed. There is no need to go into particulars. The bonds and mortgages I have left will not realize twenty-five cents on the dollar. Flight is my only resource. Do what you can for my wife and son. "A. VERNER."

James Belforest sat, white and rigid, as if petrified.

"Fool! fool! to trust him!" he groaned at last. "Oh, consummate villain! he has destroyed the work of three generations. I am ruined! —disgraced! In a few hours our name will be a byword in the streets! I cannot live to hear it."

He drew a revolver from one of the drawers of his desk, and prepared to load it.

The office-door was pushed open, and a tall man in black entered. He had about him that undefinable air which distinguishes a priest among men. His tall, thin form was slightly bent; his face was calm and sweet, but there were lines around the mouth and a latent fire shone in the eye that spoke of firmness and deep fervor.

He started slightly at the sight of James Belforest's livid face. His eye fell on the pistol. In an instant it had changed hands.

"And now, old friend, what does this mean?"

"It means that I will not live—ruined—disgraced!" And James Belforest covered his face with his hands, and uttered a groan that seemed to come from a broken heart.

"It means that you are a coward," said the priest, in a clear, distinct voice. "It means that, for fear of some transient trouble, you would cast your soul headlong into hell. It means that you would rather defy God than bear the scorn of men. I knew that you were not of the true faith, James Belforest, but I never thought for a moment that you would become so meanly selfish as to forget your duty."

"Read that."

"From my brother-in-law," said

the priest, with a slight tinge of bitterness in his tone. "I warned you against him."

"I was a fool not to listen to you. I trusted him entirely; and now the scoundrel, after ruining me, coolly asks me to take care of his wife and child!"

"There is hope. An establishment like yours cannot be utterly ruined in a day."

"Not utterly ruined, perhaps, but think of what we were—we, the Belforests! Oh, I cannot bear it! I must leave the place at once, before it gets into the papers."

"And Alice? You forget your daughter."

"Dear little Alice! No, I will not see her. She will hear soon enough that her father is a disgraced man."

"It strikes me that you are talking nonsense, James Belforest," said the priest, sternly. "Admitting that Albert Verner has lost or embezzled some money, does it necessarily follow that the bank is ruined?"

"In this case it does. Verner and I have been speculating and losing until—but you do not understand the terms of business—we were compelled to cease or break the bank. This dishonest individual speculation of Verner's has done it. I cannot remain here. I cannot face those whose trust I have helped to betray. Let them take all—everything."

"Stay. Be brave. You may retrieve—"

"I will hear no more. Oh, John Lewis, if you have not forgotten our former friendship, watch over Alice! Call her Lewis—any name—but make her forget that name which has been disgraced."

He pushed Father Lewis aside, and, crushing his hat over his eyes as he went, walked swiftly into the street.

"God have mercy on him!" murmured the priest, as he gazed after his friend through the plate-glass window of the office. "If the blow fell on these two men only, it were bad enough; but the poor, whose hard-earned savings are invested here! May God and his Mother pity them, and keep them from cursing the causes of *their* ruin!"

John Lewis and James Belforest had been chums at college. They had not lost their old sentiment of friendship even when the former became a Catholic convert and then a Catholic priest.

James Belforest, touched by the words and example of his friend, had often promised to "look in the matter" when business would allow him time for religion, but business thus far had not been accommodating, it seemed. Little Alice, however, had been baptized in the Catholic Church.

"Poor little Alice!" thought Father Lewis. "After all, it is for the best. The Sisters of the Sacred Heart will take better care of her than James Belforest could! I must also look after my nephew."

But Mrs. Verner did not trouble the good priest. She was a very proud woman, and the news of her husband's flight maddened her. Taking her son Albert, who was a year older than Alice Belforest, she hastened to New York to hide her shame in the midst of a crowded city. The letters that came from her to her brother were signed with her maiden name.

"If any of the Lewis family should happen to go wrong," said the priest, smiling, "I wonder what these people would do for a name."

Eagle's Falls was panic-stricken, and with reason. Its great institution, the bank "as firm as a rock," had crumbled away as other rocks sometimes crumble.

II.

"In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all."

TENNYSON.

ELEVEN years have passed since the

failure of the Belforest Bank. The Eagle's Falls people have not forgotten it, for nearly every farmer for miles round had some deposit in the bank, and they all suffered, more or less, by its collapse. That unhappy event gave an aggravating advantage to that class of people who never save any money. "We told you so!" they said. "A bank managed by two-men power! Ridiculous! *We* never deposited anything." And some of the unlucky ones were more angered by this cool assumption of sagacity than by the loss of their money.

After a time, however, the creditors were paid in part out of the wreck of the bank, and frequent remittances came from James Belforest, in Brazil, for that purpose. In 1857, Albert Verner died at Baden-Baden. "It is the best thing he could do," said his proud wife, bitterly. "A disgraced man is safest in the grave."

The woman who spoke those hard, cold words had been one of the most loving of wives, but her husband's dishonor seemed to have turned her heart to stone, and the stern Calvinism in which she believed was not likely to soften it. She was well-educated, energetic, and work was the only thing that could make her forget. She toiled early and late, sewing, sewing, sewing, as if it were her one hope in life. Unvarying industry and economy at last enabled her to start in business as a dressmaker. Even in crowded New York she held her own, and succeeded in giving her son a profession. The day on which Albert Lewis earned the privilege of writing "M.D." after his name his mother wept for the first time in many years. The icy pride that had frozen her heart melted for a moment under the influence of a mother's tender pride in her son.

Father John Lewis — everybody calls him Father John — has a few more wrinkles in his face, his tall form is more stooped, and he has much more need for spectacles than he had eleven years ago.

He is growing old; but for him the time has not yet come, "when no man can work." He serves two churches, ten miles apart, and, if you consider that the road, or rather path, between them lies through Jersey sand, you will admit that his office is no sinecure.

His house, a rambling, old structure — which was considerately bequeathed him by a grateful parishioner — stands on a hill not more than fifty yards from the beach. In the stillness of the night, the roar of old ocean seems to shake the timbers of the house.

It is Sunday evening. Vespers has been sung at St. Paul's, and the red afterglow of sunset still lingers on the cross at the top of the wooden spire. Father John is sitting on the porch of the pastoral house enjoying his only luxury,—a cigar.

"Father John! Father John!" cries a cracked voice, in a tone that an ordinary person might use in calling "fire!" But Father John does not start; he is used to it. It is only his old housekeeper, Cynthia Ann Spence, who makes her appearance from the house, carrying two letters. As usual, Cynthia Ann looks scornful; as usual, on Sundays, Cynthia Ann wears a dress with many flounces; as usual, on week-days and Sundays, indoors and out, Cynthia Ann wears a calico and cardboard sunbonnet.

"Beggin' letters," snaps Cynthia Ann. "Tim Rooney just brought 'em from the post-office. Throw 'em in the fire without readin' 'em. *I* would." And Cynthia Ann disappears abruptly.

It is not yet dusk. Father John puts on his glasses, and opens the letter with the New York postmark.

DEAR BROTHER: Many times you have expressed a wish in your letters to see my son Albert. I

have not sent him to you sooner, though I knew that you could help his education much, because I feared that in your hands he would become a papist. I speak plainly. Now, however, he is old enough to take care of himself. He knows the Old and the New Testaments almost by heart, as it has always been my custom to make him study the Scriptures on the Sabbath, besides taking him to the Rev. Job Hardwrinkle's three services; but, in spite of all this, his religious impressions are, I regret, not very strong. I warn you, however, that if you attack him with Catholic arguments, he will doubtless confound you with his Scriptural knowledge. You have probably forgotten the text about 'wisdom out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,' which you learned in your youth, for I have often heard the Rev. Mr. Hardwrinkle say that with you Romanists the Book is a dead letter. My son does not know of his father's disgrace. I do not wish him to know of it. Call him Lewis, and let it be forgotten that he ever bore another name. He has lately graduated, as you will see by the inclosed paragraph from the *Herald*. A few weeks' rest with you will do him good, and better enable him to enter upon his duties here as assistant to a prominent physician.

He will be with you early next week.

Your sister,
M. Lewis.

Father John laid down the first letter with a sigh, and opened the second.

Para, May 1st, 18—.

Dear Old Friend: A steamer, touching here on its way to Rio, gives me this opportunity of writing to you. The mail is about closing, which accounts for this villainous scrawl. You know, for I have told you several times that my ventures in coffee and rice have made me—yes, I may safely say it—rich. A large amount of my wealth is invested in valuable property in New York and Eagle's Falls; besides, I have paid many of the debts of the old bank. I am growing old, and intend to start North to little Alice as soon as I can wind up my affairs here. Dear little Alice! When I see her, I will tell her the story of the old bank, and call her by her own name, "Alice Belforest." We Belforests can once more hold up our heads and look the world in the eye. By the same mail, I write to the Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, requesting her to send Alice to you. I will, if all goes well, be with you myself in a month or two. Alice has the Somerville diamond cross. I sent it to her as soon as I acquired funds to redeem it. Alice is an heiress, and when I have feasted my eyes on her, I have thoughts of hunting up poor Verner's son, and sealing my forgiveness by making a match. Is your nephew a better man than his father or I? By the way, a Jesuit here, Padre Torquato, has almost persuaded me to be a Catholic, but I have no time to think of that at present. The mail closes. *Vale*, as we said, at school.

James Belforest.

"'Too late, too late; ye cannot enter here!'" quotes Father John, folding up the letter. "I am afraid it will be with James Belforest as it was with the foolish virgins. He will have no time, indeed, when time slips from his grasp at the last moment; but who can tell what Alice may accomplish? Bless me! she must be quite a young lady. What on earth will I do with her? And my nephew here, too! I'd better write, and ask the Sisters to keep her awhile. No, that would seem inhospitable, and" (looking at the post-office mark on the envelope), "this letter has been delayed; she may be on her way hither already. I'll consult Cynthia."

"Law sakes!" says that valuable

personage, throwing back her sunbonnet, and allowing it to dangle gracefully by the strings. "Sure as my name is Cynthy Ann Spence, you'll have trouble, Father John. A feller and a gal comin'! The fust thing you know she'll be his admiration and he'll be her admiration, and off they'll go an' git married, and both as poor as Job's turkey when he hadn't a feather, I'll be bound! Pooty doin's for a priest's house!"

"I cannot prevent them from coming, you see," says Father John, ruefully. "There's plenty of room in the house —"

"Oh, that's all well enough," interrupts Cynthia Ann, resignedly. "An' I kind a'guess I can manage by borrowin' a few things from Mrs. Martin 'cross the lots, even if I do have to work my fingers to the bone."

"If they were both Catholics," begins Father John, rather thinking aloud than speaking to Cynthia.

"An' if they ain't," snaps Cynthia Ann, "don't have 'em here. Leastways, if she's a Catholic, she may turn him before marriage, but if she's a Protestant, keep him out o' her way. There was my Hezekiah an' me. When your teachin' opened my eyes to the truth, he was a rantin' Methodist, but I turned him. 'Hezekiah,' says I —"

"Yes, I know," returns Father John, "I think you have given me enough advice for one evening, Cynthia."

"Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't," retorts Cynthia, recovering her bonnet with a jerk. "Tea's ready."

Father John is more absent-minded than usual, and half a dozen times has Cynthia Ann to interfere in order to prevent him from inadvertently misusing her pet china.

"Some men," she mutters, rather irrelevantly, "ought to be in Heaven; they ain't fit for this airth. But," after a pause, "that kind's mighty scarce."

A sunlit sky, with floating white clouds; stretches of meadows, vividly, brightly green, with here and there a wooded spot of shade; beyond, a thin strip of still brighter green—the marsh grass near the sea; and yet beyond, old ocean itself, seeming narrow and crescent-shaped.

Alice Lewis sees all this through the open window of the railroad car.

The fresh, salt-tinged breeze tries to roughen her smooth brown hair, and then makes a swoop at the worn face of the tired-looking woman at her side. The woman closes her weary eyes—she has been travelling all night—but her baby finds it out right away, and utters a thrilling yell of remonstrance.

"Will nobody kill that child?" demands an awakened old bachelor. "I've given it all my cough-lozenges, and it doesn't seem satisfied yet. Why isn't there a special car for babies? Give 'em the smoking-car. *I* never smoke."

Alice stretches out her hands, and takes the baby, which, being allowed to tear her fan to pieces, condescends to be silent. The look of rest on the mother's face as she sinks to sleep more than repays Alice.

That young man on the other side, with the dark mustache and the frank-looking brown eyes, is pretending to read an illustrated paper, but in reality he is watching Alice. At the last station, she got into the wrong car, and their baggage became mixed up, because his initials are the same as hers, "A. L.," and they were obliged to hold a short dialogue, she speaking in that soft, sweet voice which is so rare among American women, but which convent-bred girls have in perfection.

Her few simple words linger yet in his mind. He looks at a damsel at the far end of the car—a damsel with garments wonderfully ruffled and puffed, with a short fringe of hair on her forehead, and a *soupcon* of rouge on her cheeks, and

then his eyes involuntarily stray towards Alice with her smooth hair, innocent face, and tasteful raiment. As she bends over that child, he thinks of one of the Madonnas of Raphael—not irreverently, though he is a Protestant.

The *enfant terrible* having demolished the fan, utters a few notes preliminary to a grand fantasia, and Alice hums a little hymn. That finished, she is not allowed to stop, and she glides into *Herrick's Daffodils*, intended only for the baby's ear, but which her neighbor does not fail to catch. He listens attentively, and he never forgets the song, which is almost a murmur.

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You hasten away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song,
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!"

"Seaview!" calls the conductor.

The baby is restored to its mother, and the two A. L.'s step upon the platform of the little station.

The sexton, Tim Rooney, has driven Father John's old gig to the station every day of the preceding five days in the week, but to-day, for some reason best known to himself, he has rested. Luckily, St. Paul's cross is plainly visible from the station, and Alice guides her steps towards it. The young man, however, asks a boy at the station, whose directions are somewhat complicated, and consequently he makes a long circuit. Alice is the slower walker, and the two meet on Father John's porch.

"Alice, this is my nephew, Albert Lewis," says Father John.

And they are very glad to know each other. They say so, and, in this case, they mean it.

Six weeks have passed. Albert Lewis will leave Seaview to-morrow. Father John is not opposed to innocent amusements, and the Seaview people have made it pleasant for Alice with musical parties, croquet, and the like. Albert Lewis has seen her often, among the poor, among the rich, sympathizing in joy or in grief.

"She is a true-hearted girl, and she will be a noble woman," he has said to himself many times.

This afternoon Alice stands near the railing of the porch, holding a book in her hand. Among the lace at her throat glistens for the first time, Lady Somerville's diamond cross. The glory of the sunset falls on earth and sky, and the creamy white roses which cling to the porch turn rosy-hued in the light.

"Alice!" Alice starts; it is the first time *he* has called her thus. Her brow and cheeks vie with the roses.

"Alice," speaks Albert Lewis, plainly and directly, "will you be my wife?"

There is silence. Alice steals a glance at his face, so grave, sincere, tender, in its expression.

"I cannot," she answers tremulously; "I am a Catholic, you are not."

"Is that all?" he says, with a relieved sigh. "I thought that Father John might have objected on account of my poverty, or something of that kind. I have fair prospects, Alice, and I will work for you night and day as I will for my mother, to whom I owe everything. A difference in religious opinions need not prevent us from being happy."

"*You* cannot understand," she answers, sighing, "and *I* cannot argue. I have just been reading in this book," she continues, grasping at the first words that seem to bear on the subject, "'faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers.'"

"You would say 'yes,' if I were a Catholic? Well, Alice, I will be a Catholic for your sake?"

"No, no!" she says, eagerly, "if you cannot be a Catholic for God's sake—for the sake of sacred truth,

remain what you are. But, Albert, I am only a girl, and I—I like you a little. Speak to Father John, and I will abide by his decision."

"I agree. I will go to Mass every Sunday for your sweet sake, and maybe after awhile,—but I see Father John in his room."

Father John is a priest, but also a man, and, like other men, he is tempted. His nephew is poor, Alice—though she does not yet know it—is an heiress, an heiress to large wealth. Why not endow Albert with this wealth, make these two happy for the present, and leave the question of Faith to the future? He breathes a silent prayer, and firmly answers, "No."

The next morning Alice and Albert say farewell on the little porch.

"Poor Alice!" sighs Father John. "But, after all, human hearts are of little worth if not crushed and broken to the will of God."

As he looks after the departing form of Albert, Tim Rooney brings him a letter. It is written in Portuguese.

PARA, June 3d, 18—.

REVEREND SIR: As the legal adviser of Mr. James Belforest, it is my sad duty to inform you that my client was suddenly stricken with apoplexy on the fifth day of last month. Everything possible was done for him. Padre Torquato was sent for, but he arrived too late. I have communicated with Mr. Belforest's New York lawyer, whose name and address you will find below. SANCHO GOMEZ.

"Too late! Too late!" And the unaccustomed tears dim Father John's eyes. James Belforest was his oldest friend.

After a week has passed, Alice goes back, in tears and mourning, to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

III.

"We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring."
"To Daffodils," HERRICK.

"YES," says Cynthia Ann, wiping her eyes with her black apron, "I am kind o' resigned like, but I did think that when God has so many saints in heaven, he might have spared us one on airth. But I s'pose He knows best."

Cynthia Ann is talking to Alice Belforest, who, since her father's death, has resumed her own name. Father John, who survived his old friend only three months, is the subject of their conversation.

Alice entered the novitiate of the Sacred Heart, but it did not take long to discover that she has no vocation for the life of a religieuse, and so she and Cynthia Ann went to housekeeping at Eagle's Falls. They are now seated in Alice's pretty sitting-room.

Four years have changed Alice greatly. She is the same, yet not the same. She is beautiful, womanly, graceful; but now she is a grave, sad queen among women; then she was a joyous princess among girls.

The last four years have been busy years for her. Her large fortune has dwindled to a comparatively small sum; but in all Eagle's Falls there is no one who suffered by the collapse of the Belforest Bank who has not been repaid in full. The stain has been wiped from the Belforest name.

She thinks of Albert sometimes; but she has never heard from or of him, though Cynthia Ann has told her of his mother's death.

Albert, or Dr. Verner, as I ought to call him now, has prospered. He, too, has resumed his father's name.

"I will not tell you the wrong your father did," Mrs. Verner said, passionately. "I command you *never* to inquire."

"If our name has been disgraced,

mother, I will redeem it!" he answered, proudly. And blessing him, she died.

"*Domine, non sum dignus!* I am unworthy — unworthy!" murmurs Albert Verner, kneeling before the Holy of Holies, in the Eagle's Falls church.

Alice's prayers have availed. God's grace has opened Albert Verner's eyes to that Light "which shineth in darkness."

"I will see her in heaven, if I can never see her here." This feeling, human and earthly as it was, drew him towards the Truth, and now Albert Verner is one of the most fervent of Catholics.

As he is about to leave the church he notices a bright glitter just under the door of the tabernacle. He looks again. He cannot mistake that great diamond in the centre. It is the diamond cross that Alice wore on that summer afternoon.

He asks a question of the sexton whom he meets in the vestibule.

"Is it the cross you mean? Sure that was given to the church by Miss Belforest, the best-hearted lady in the place, sir."

Miss Belforest! It is not *her* cross, then, he thinks. If the man had said that it was given by a nun of the order of the Sacred Heart, his conclusion would have been different.

Albert Verner has come to Eagle's Falls to attend a convention of physicians. After that was over, there were several important consultations, and his stay is prolonged.

He has letters of introduction to various people, and as "good" society is rather limited at Eagle's Falls, he meets Alice Belforest very often. She talks to him as she does to others, and makes no sign.

"My Alice would be like this one, if she were in the world," he cannot help thinking.

On the morning of the day on which he intends to leave Eagle's Falls, he calls on Miss Belforest to say good-by.

Alice is at the piano in the sitting-room when Cynthia ushers him into the parlor. He hears a faint sound of music on which softly float the words he caught that day in the car,

> "Fair daffodils, we weep to see
> You haste away so soon."

He is at her side in an instant.

"Alice, my Alice, at last!"

"I knew you all the time."

"Yes," snaps that oracle, Cynthia Ann, addressing the bridesmaids, "even the best of men haven't got no memories; but just show me the woman that can forget!"

LIFE.

THEY err, who say life is not sweet,
Though cares are long and pleasures fleet;
Though smiles, and tears, and sun, and storm,
Still change life's ever-varying form,
The mind that looks on things aright
Sees through the clouds the deep blue light,
And from the bank, all mire and wet,
Plucks the fresh-scented violet;
Each thing is beauteous in its time,
And this is not our native clime;
But sweet enough for those who roam,
Seeking the path which leads them home.

TALK-STOPPERS.

We hear a great deal of lamentation nowadays, proceeding mostly from elderly people, on the decline of the Art of Conversation among us. Old ladies and gentlemen with vivid recollections of the charms of society fifty years ago, are constantly asking each other why the great talkers of their youthful days have found no successors in this inferior present time. Where—they inquire mournfully—where are the illustrious men and women gifted with a capacity for perpetual outpouring from the tongue, who used to keep enraptured audiences deluged in a flow of eloquent monologue for hours together? Where are the solo talkers in this degenerate age of nothing but choral conversation? Embalmed in social tradition, or imperfectly preserved in books for the benefit of an ungrateful posterity, which reviles their surviving contemporaries, and would perhaps even have reviled them as bores. What a change seems indeed to have passed over the face of society since the days of the great talkers! If they could rise from the dead, and wag their unresting tongues among us now, would they win their reputations anew, just as easily as ever? Would they even get listeners? Would they be actually allowed to talk? I should venture to say, decidedly not. They would surely be interrupted and contradicted; they would have their nearest neighbors at the dinner-table talking across them; they would find impatient people opposite, dropping things noisily, and ostentatiously picking them up; they would hear confidential whispering, and perpetual fidgeting in distant corners, before they had got through their first half-dozen of eloquent opening sentences. Nothing appears to me so wonderful as that none of these interruptions (if we are to believe report) should ever have occurred in the good old times of the great talkers. I read long biographies of that large class of illustrious individuals whose fame is confined to the select circle of their own acquaintance, and I find that they were to a man, whatever other differences may have existed between them, all delightful talkers. I am informed that they held forth entrancingly for hours together, at all times and seasons, and that I, the gentle, constant, and patient reader, am one of the most unfortunate and pitiable of human beings in never having enjoyed the luxury of hearing them; but strangely enough, I am never told whether they were occasionally interrupted or not in the course of their outpourings. I am left to infer that their friends sat under them just as a congregation sits under a pulpit; and I ask myself amazedly (remembering what society is at the present day), whether human nature can have changed altogether since that time. Either the reports in the biographies are one-sided and imperfect, or the race of people whom I frequently meet with now, and whom I venture to call talk-stoppers, because their business in life seems to be the obstructing, confusing, and interrupting of all conversation, must be the peculiar and portentous growth of our own degenerate era.

Perplexed by this dilemma, when I am reading in long biographies about great talkers, I do not find myself lamenting, like my seniors, that they have left no successors in our day, or doubting irreverently, like my juniors, whether the famous performers of conversational solos were really as well worth hearing as eulogistic report would fain have us believe. The one invariable question that I put to myself under these circumstances runs thus, Could the

great talkers, if they had lived in my time, have talked at all? And the answer I receive is, In the vast majority of cases, certainly not.

Let me not offensively and unnecessarily mention names, but let me ask, for example, if some such famous talker—as, say, the Great Glib—could have discoursed uninterruptedly for five minutes together in the presence of my friend Colonel Hopkirk? The Colonel goes a great deal into society; he is the kindest and gentlest of men; but he unconsciously stops or confuses conversation everywhere, solely in consequence of his own sociable horror of ever differing in opinion with anybody. If A. should begin by declaring black to be black, Colonel Hopkirk would be sure to agree with him, before he had half done. If B. followed, and declared black to be white, the Colonel would be on his side of the question before he had argued it out; and if C. peaceably endeavored to calm the dispute with a truism, and trusted that every one would at least admit that black and white in combination made gray, my ever-compliant friend would pat him on the shoulder approvingly, all the while he was talking, would declare that C.'s conclusion was, after all, the common sense of the question, and would set A. and B. furiously disputing which of them he agreed or disagreed with now, and whether, on the black, white, and gray question, Colonel Hopkirk could really be said to have any opinion at all.

How could the Great Glib hold forth in the company of such a man as this? Let us suppose that delightful talker and a few of his admirers (including, of course, the writer of his biography), and Colonel Hopkirk to be all seated at the same table; and let us say that one of the admirers is anxious to get the mellifluous Glib to discourse on capital punishment, for the benefit of the company. The admirer begins, of course, on the approved method of stating the objections to capital punishment, and starts the subject in this manner:

"I was dining out, the other day, Mr. Glib, where capital punishment turned up as a topic of conversation—"

"Ah!" says Colonel Hopkirk, "a dreadful necessity—yes, yes, yes; I see—a dreadful necessity—eh?"

"And the arguments for its abolition," continues the admirer, without noticing the interruption, "were really handled with great dexterity by one of the gentlemen present, who started, of course, with the assertion that it is unlawful, under any circumstances, to take away life—"

"Ha! unlawful—just so," cries the Colonel. "Very true. Yes, yes—unlawful—to be sure—so it is—unlawful, as you say."

"Unlawful, sir!" begins the Great Glib, severely. "Have I lived to this time of day, to hear that it is unlawful to protect the lives of the community, by the only certain means—"

"No, no—O dear me, no!" says the precipitately compliant Colonel, with the most unblushing readiness. "Protect their lives, of course—as you say, protect their lives by the only certain means—yes, yes, I quite agree with you."

"Allow me, Colonel," says another admirer, anxious to assist in starting the great talker, "allow me to remind our friend, before he takes this question in hand, that it is an argument of the abolitionists that perpetual imprisonment would answer the purpose of protecting—"

The Colonel is so delighted with this last argument that he bounds on his chair and rubs his hands in triumph. "My dear sir!" he cries, before the last speaker can say another word, "you have hit it—you have, indeed! Perpetual imprisonment; that's the thing; ah, yes, yes, yes, to be sure—perpetual imprisonment—the very thing, my dear sir—the very thing!"

"Excuse me," says a third admirer, "but I think Mr. Glib was about to speak. You were saying, sir—"

"The whole question of capital punishment," begins the delightful talker, leaning back luxuriously in his chair, "lies in a nutshell." ("Very true," from the Colonel.) "I murder one of you—say Hopkirk here." ("Ha! ha! ha!" loudly, from the Colonel, who thinks himself bound to laugh at a joke when he is only wanted to listen to an illustration.) "I murder Hopkirk. What is the first object of all the rest of you, who represent the community at large?" ("To get you hanged," from the Colonel. "Ah, yes, to be sure! to get you hanged. Quite right! quite right!") "Is it to make me a reformed character, to teach me a trade, to wash my bloodstains off me delicately, and set me up again in society, looking as clean as the best of you? No!" ("No!" from the compliant Colonel.) "Your object is clearly to prevent me from murdering any more of you. And how are you to do that most completely and certainly? By perpetual imprisonment?" ("Ah! I thought we should all agree about it at last," cries the Colonel, cheerfully. "Yes, yes—nothing else for it but perpetual imprisonment, as you say.") "By perpetual imprisonment? But men have broken out of prisons." ("So they have," from the Colonel.) "Men have killed their jailers; and there you have the commission of that very second murder that you wanted to prevent." ("Quite right," from the former quarter. "A second murder—dreadful! dreadful!") "Imprisonment is not your certain protective remedy, then, evidently. What is?"

"Hanging!" cries the Colonel, with another bound in his chair, and a voice that can no longer be talked down. "Hanging, to be sure! I quite agree with you. Just what I said from the first. You have hit it, my dear sir. Hanging, as you say—hanging, by all manner of means!"

Has anybody ever met Colonel Hopkirk in society? And does anybody think that the Great Glib could possibly have held forth in the company of that persistently compliant gentleman, as he is alleged, by his admiring biographer, to have held forth in the peculiar society of his own time? The thing is clearly impossible. Let us leave Glib, congratulating him on having died when the Hopkirks of these latter days were as yet hardly weaned; let us leave him, and ascertain how some other great talker might have got on in the society of some other modern obstructer of the flow of eloquent conversation.

To take another instance, there is the case of the once-brilliant social luminary, Mr. Endless—extinguished, unfortunately for the new generation, about the time when we were most of us only little boys and girls. What a talker this sparkling creature must have been, if one may judge by that racy anonymous publication (racy was, I think, the word chiefly used in reviewing the book by the critics of the period), Evenings with Endless. By A Constant Listener! "I could hardly believe," I remember the Listener writes, "that the world was the same after Endless had flashed out of this mortal scene. It was morning while he lived—it was twilight, or worse, when he died. I was very intimate with him. Often has the hand that writes these trembling lines smacked that familiar back—often have those thrilling and matchless accents syllabled the fond diminutive of my Christian name. It was not so much that his talk was ceaseless (though that is something) as that it moved incessantly over all topics from heaven to earth. His variety of subject was the most amazing part of this amazing man. His fertility of allusion to topics of the past and present alike was truly inexhaustible. He

hopped, he skipped, he fluttered, he swooped, from theme to theme. The butterfly in the garden, the bee in the flower bed, the changes of the kaleidoscope, the sun and shower of an April morning, are but faint emblems of him." With much more to the same eloquent purpose, but not a word from the first page to the last to hint even that Endless was ever brought to a full stop, on any single occasion, by any one of the hundreds of enchanted listeners before whom he figured in his wonderful performances with the tongue from morning to night.

And yet, there must surely have been Talk-Stoppers in the world, in the time of the brilliant Endless—talk-stoppers, in all probability, possessing characteristics similar to those now displayed in society by my exasperating connection by marriage, Mr. Spoke Wheeler. It is impossible to say what the consequences might have been if my relative and Mr. Endless had ever come together. Mr. Spoke Wheeler is one of those men—a large class, as it appears to me—who will talk, and who have nothing whatever in the way of a subject of their own to talk about. His constant practice is to lie silently in ambush for subjects started by other people, to take them forthwith from their rightful owners, turn them coolly to his own uses, and then cunningly wait again for the next topic, belonging to somebody else, that passes within his reach. It is useless to give up, and leave him to take the lead—he invariably gives up, too, and declines the honor. It is useless to start once more, hopefully, seeing him apparently silenced—he becomes talkative again the moment you offer him the chance of seizing on your new subject, disposes of it without the slightest fancy, taste, or novelty of handling in a moment, then relapses into utter speechlessness as soon as he has silenced the rest of the company by taking their topic away from them. Wherever he goes he commits this social atrocity with the most perfect innocence and the most provoking good humor, for he firmly believes in himself as one of the most entertaining men who ever crossed a drawing-room or caroused at a dinner-table.

Imagine Mr. Spoke Wheeler getting an invitation to one of those brilliant suppers which assisted in making the evenings of the sparkling Endless so attractive to his friends and admirers. See him sitting modestly at the table, with every appearance in his face and manner of being the most persistent and reliable of listeners. Endless takes the measure of his man, as he too confidently believes, in one bright glance—thinks to himself, Here is a new worshipper to astonish; here is the conveniently dense and taciturn human pedestal on which I can stand to let off my fireworks—plunges his knife and fork, gayly hospitable, into the dish before him (let us say a turkey and truffles, for Endless is a gastronome as well as a wit), and starts off with one of those "fertile allusions," for which he was so famous.

"I never carve turkey without thinking of what Madame de Pompadour said to Louis the Fifteenth," Endless begins in his most off-hand manner. "I refer to the time when the superb Frenchwoman first came to court, and the star of the fair Chateauroux waned before her. Who remembers what the Pompadour said when the king insisted on carving the turkey!"

Before the company can beg Endless, as usual, to remember for them, Mr. Spoke Wheeler starts into life, and seizes the subject.

"What a vicious state of society it was in the time of Madame de Pompadour," he says, with moral severity. "Who can wonder that it led to the French Revolution?"

Endless feels that his first effort for the evening is nipped in the bud,

and that the new guest is not to be depended on as a listener. He, however, waits politely, and every one else waits politely to hear something more about the French Revolution. Mr. Spoke Wheeler has not another word to say. He has snatched his subject, has exhausted it, and is now waiting, with an expectant smile on his face, to lay hands on another. Disastrous silence reigns until Mr. Endless, as host and wit, launches a new topic in despair.

"Don't forget the salad, gentlemen," he exclaims. "The emblem, as I always fancy, of human life. The sharp vinegar corrected by the soft oil, just as the misfortune of one day is compensated by the luck of another. Heigho! let moralists lecture as they will, what a true gambler's existence ours is, by the very nature of it! Love, fame, wealth, are the stakes we all play for; the world is the table; Death keeps the house, and Destiny shuffles the cards. According to my definition, gentlemen, man is a gambling animal, and woman—" Endless pauses for a moment, and lifts the glass to his lips to give himself a bacchanalian air before he amazes the company with a torrent of eloquence on the subject of woman. Unhappy man! in that one moment Mr. Spoke Wheeler seizes on his host's brilliant gambling metaphor, and runs away with it as his own subject immediately.

"The worst of gambling," he says, with a look of ominous wisdom, "is, that when once a man takes to it he can never be got to give it up again. It always ends in ruin. I know a man whose son is in the navy, and whose daughter is a maid-of-all-work at a lodging-house. The poor devil himself once had a large fortune, and he now picks up a living by writing begging letters. All through gambling. Degrading vice, certainly; ruins a man's temper and health, too, as well as his property. Ah! a very degrading vice—very much so indeed!"

"I am afraid, my dear sir, you have no vices," says Endless, getting angry and sarcastic as a fresh pause follows this undeniable commonplace. "The bottle stands with you. Do you abjure even that most amiable of human failings — the cheerful glass? Ha!" exclaims Endless, seeing that his guest is going to speak again, and vainly imagining that he can cut him short this time. "Ha! what a debt we owe to the first man who discovered the true use of the grape? How drunk he must have got in making his immortal preliminary experiments! How often his wife must have begged him to consider his health and his respectability, and give up all further investigations! How he must have shocked his family with perpetual hiccups, and puzzled the medical men of the period with incurable morning headaches! To the health of that marvellous, that magnificent, that inestimable human being, the first Toper in the world! The patriarchal Bacchus quaffing in his antediluvian vineyard! What a picture, gentlemen; what a subject for our artists! Scumble, my dear friend," continues Endless, breathlessly, feeling that Mr. Spoke Wheeler has got his topic again, and anxious to secure assistance in preventing that persistent gentleman from making any use of the stolen property—"Scumble, your pencil alone is worthy of the subject. Tell us, my prince of painters, how would you treat it?"

The prince of painters has his mouth full of turkey, and looks more puzzled than flattered by this complimentary appeal. He hesitates, and Mr. Spoke Wheeler darts into the conversation on the subject of drunkenness forthwith; scatters Mr. Scumble's ideas, if he has any, on the pictorial treatment of the patriarchal Bacchus; stops the bursts of eloquence on the topic of Art with

which the brilliant Endless was about to delight the company, and produces a fresh pause, after having added to the conversational enjoyment of the evening by remarking that intoxication is very much on the increase, and that delirium tremens is, in the large majority of instances, an incurable complaint.

Will even the most indiscriminate of the surviving admirers of Endless, and of the great talkers generally, venture to assert that he, or they, could have shown off with the slightest approach to success in the company of Mr. Spoke Wheeler, or of Colonel Hopkirk, or of any of the other dozens on dozens of notorious talk-stoppers whose characters I refrain from troubling the reader with? Surely not! Surely I have quoted examples enough to prove the correctness of my theory that the days when the eminent professors of the Art of Conversation could be sure of perpetually attentive audiences have gone by. Instead of mourning over the loss of the great talkers, we ought to feel relieved (if we have any real regard for them, which I sometimes doubt) by their timely departure from the scene. Between the members of the modern generation who would not have listened to them, the members who could not have listened to them, and the members who would have confused, interrupted, and cut them short, what extremities of compulsory silence they must have undergone if they had lasted until our time! Our case may be lamentable enough in not having heard them; but how much worse would theirs be if they came back to the world, and tried to show us how they won their reputations!

THE TWO PICTURES.

(SOLEM QUIS DICERE FALSUM AUDEAT?)

'Tis piece for piece, and line for line,
The head, the brow, the eyes, the hair,
No feature in that face of thine
But lies repeated duly there—
The Sun, we know, is limner true—
And yet, my friend, it is not *you*.

In sooth, methinks, he made a slip,
His cunning hand was somewhat out;
There's something lumpish on the lip,
The mouth, methinks, appears to pout:
But let the lines be e'er so true,
I miss the soul to make it you.

Within my heart a picture shines,
By memory's stealthy pencil wrought;
Long years have steeped its cherished lines
In hues from glancing visions caught,
Blending the lights of happy home
With clearer sunshine yet to come:

A gentle spirit's mirthful play,
Through daily change of good and ill,
Unwearied on life's weary way,
Bright, faithful, hopeful, thankful still:
Humble in joy, in sorrow true—
This is my picture—this is *you*.

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

ELEVENTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: As we approach the completion of the work of the trinity of murder, viz., Henry, Somerset, and Elizabeth, we lose sight of every vestige of Christianity and reformation, and gaze solely at a protestation against gospel truth, and a most hideous deformation of society.

COLLIER.—"In January, 1553, the king fell ill of a consumptive cough. Not being likely to last long, the Duke of Northumberland quickened his motions, and executed his scheme with all the diligence the juncture required. In the first place, he brought on a match between his fourth son, the Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane Grey, eldest daughter to the Duke of Suffolk. He applied himself so dexterously to the king's passions, that at last he prevailed with him to make a settlement of the crown upon the Lady Jane Grey. To bring about this contrivance, he suggested how happy the nation had been under his government, and what a glorious reformation had been carried on by him; that when such a blessing (!) was so far advanced, the next point was to secure its continuance; that both his sisters were the issue of marriages censured and disallowed in Parliament. As for the young Queen of Scots, she had rejected an alliance with his Majesty engaged with the French, and therefore was no further to be thought on; that Lady Jane Grey, who stood next upon the royal line, was a person of extraordinary qualities; that her zeal for the reformation was unquestioned; that in this case he was bound to set aside all partialities of blood and nearness of relation. The king's affections standing for this disposition of the crown, he was gained at last to overlook his sisters, and break through his father's will. The next thing was to draw an instrument, and put the settlement in form of law. Besides this settlement, signed by thirty-three of the Privy Council, there was another instrument, subscribed by twenty-four of them by the king's order. In this writing, they engage upon their oaths and honor to adhere to and perform every article and branch contained in the settlement of the succession. In the beginning of the next month the king died. Some thought his consumption was the effect of foul practice; that a slow poison was conveyed into his veins, and his death secured by Northumberland." (Eccles. Hist.)

I will now, sir, record some conclusions arising from the foregoing testimony. "The true religion," says Lord Bacon, "is built upon the rock; the rest are tossed upon the waves of time. If a new religion has not two properties, fear it not, for it will not spread; the one is the supplanting, or the opposing of authority established, for nothing is more popular than that; the other is the giving license to pleasures and a voluptuous life." I cursorily examined, by way of introduction, the manner in which these two properties of a new and popular religion were exemplified by the so-called reformation in Germany, and other parts of the Continent. First, the opposing of the established authority of the Church; and the allowance of every brawler, not only man,

but woman also, to be a preacher. Second, the giving a license to pleasures and a voluptuous life. In confirmation of what has been already said upon this subject, allow me to state that Cranmer in a letter to Osiander, complains of the loose casuistry and mistaken opinions of the German divines, and what scandal they gave to the reformation. Although he was himself Satan accusing sin, yet his testimony is a precise exhibition of facts. For the purpose, he tells us, they allowed the younger sons of noblemen to entertain strumpets, to prevent the parcelling out of their estates, and lessening the figure of the elder family. I desire, says he, to know what excuse can be made for your permission of a second marriage after divorce, while both the parties were living; and which is still worse, you allow a man a plurality of wives without the ceremony of a divorce.

Here, perhaps, it may be well to recall, in a brief manner, some of my conclusions with respect to the so-called reformation in Germany. Luther was the first Protestant in that movement; Protestantism was divided from its very commencement into numerous sects, violently wrangling with and contradicting one another; immorality was the fruit of the wicked doctrines taught by Luther and Calvin; and the leading members of the apostasy were men of very bad character.

Let us now turn our attention to the state of England before the catastrophe called reformation.

"Few princes," says Southey, "have succeeded to a throne under such propitious circumstances as Henry VIII. He found the kingdom at peace, the treasury rich beyond all former example, the country prosperous, the royal authority firmly established. Trade was flourishing, the liberal arts in a state of rapid advancement, and learning rising as it were from the dead. Fortescue, Lord Chief Justice of England for nearly twenty years, and afterwards appointed Lord Chancellor by Henry VI, gave this description of the state of the English people in his time:

"'The inhabitants are rich in gold, silver, and in all the necessaries of life. They drink no water, unless at certain times upon a religious score, and by way of doing penance. They are fed in great abundance, and upon all sorts of flesh and fish, of which they have plenty everywhere; they are clothed throughout in good woollens; their bedding and other furniture in their houses are wool, and that in great store. They are also well provided with all other sorts of household goods, and necessary implements of husbandry. Every one, according to his rank, hath all things which conduce to make life easy and happy.'

"There were, when the reformation commenced, within the realm of England, 118 monasteries founded by the kings, and 527 by other persons. 'These places,' says Higgins, 'were first founded by the piety of our ancestors, with a charitable design, to give a retreat to such persons as had a mind to detach themselves from the affairs of the world, and dedicate their lives to the service of God in a state of quiet and devotion. By these people were the hungry fed, the naked clothed, and the dead buried, with all other acts of charity, which seem so essential to the spirit of Christianity.'" (Short View of Eng. Hist.)

"In this their solitude and apartment, they seemed like stars of the first magnitude, by the rays of whose devotion the ignorant vulgar found oftentimes the way to heaven. Such was their severity to themselves, their kindness to their friends, and, lastly, which exceeds all their fervency in religion to their God, that all the world admired them." (Southhouse.)

Dr. Tanner, pseudo bishop.—"In every great abbey there was a large

room, called the Scriptorium, where several writers made it their whole business to transcribe books. The monasteries were schools of learning and education, for every convent had one person or more appointed for this purpose, and all the neighbors might have their children taught grammar and music without any expense to them. In the nunneries, also, young women were taught to work and to read English, and sometimes Latin also. All monasteries were, in effect, great hospitals, and were most of them obliged to relieve many poor people every day. They were likewise houses of entertainment for almost all travellers. They were great ornaments to the country; many of them were really noble buildings. Many of the abbey churches were equal, if not superior, to our present cathedrals, and they must have been as much an ornament to the country, and employed as many workmen in building and keeping them in repair, as noblemen's and gentlemen's seats do now." (Hist. of Warwick.)

Whilst the monasteries stood, there was no act for the relief of the poor; so amply did these houses give succor to them that were in want.

COBBETT.—"That England was more populous in Catholic times than it is now (1820), we must believe, when we know that in the three first Protestant reigns, thousands of parish churches were pulled down, that parishes were united in more than two hundred instances, and when we know from the returns now before Parliament, that out of 11,761 parishes in England and Wales, there are upwards of a thousand which do not contain one hundred persons each, men, women, and children. Then, again, the size of the churches. They were manifestly built in general, to hold three, four, five, or ten times the number of their present parishioners including all sectarians. This is the best criterion of the population. There was one parish church to every four square miles throughout the kingdom, and one religious house to every thirty square miles, so that the churches and religious houses amounted at that time to upwards of 16,000 in number." (Hist. of Reform.)

We must now turn our view to the picture of the "*reformation*" in its rise, progress, and final settlement. What bitter irony is often expressed in this one word *reformation!* The testimony adduced proves beyond all doubt the correctness of this observation. However, I will not indulge in a description; facts shall speak for themselves.

With respect to the persons who commenced the destructive work called *reformation*, the counterfeit bishop Burnet says, Luther was *postilion* to the reformation in Germany. Henry VIII, the opponent of Luther, was *postilion* to the reformation in England. With respect to the motives of these individuals, they were nearly the same. The Pope transferred the privilege of proclaiming the grant of certain indulgences to the Dominicans. Luther resented the assumed affront to his own order, and commenced his opposition to the Catholic Church through spleen and vexation. This was a fictitious pretext, his real motive being a desire to violate his religious vows, and to live unmolested with the depraved nun, Catharine Bore. Henry VIII, being violently affected by brutish lust, wished to marry Anne Boleyn, whilst Catharine, his queen, was living, and finding that the Pope appeared the greatest obstacle to his desires, he revolted against the authority of the Church, and dared to destroy the power which Christ had given to his vicar on earth. Henry, therefore, was actuated by the same motives that turned Luther against the Church, viz., spleen, pride, and vexation fomented by diabolical lust.

With respect to their first proceedings, Luther, refusing "to hear the Church," *for a long time stood alone* (as Tillotson said); and at last, giving way to his pride and lust, and resting on the infallibilty of his depraved judgment, swept away, in a current of impetuous declamation, whatever was opposed to his own decisions—the fathers of the Church, the theologians and philosophers, the canons and the councils; and he pronounced the anathema of perdition upon every one who dared to give a meaning to Scripture at variance with his own interpretation. (Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe.)

Henry VIII, maddened by his impure passions, not only refused obedience to the Head of the Church, whom he had so lately acknowledged to be the common father of the faithful, but forbade his subjects, under penalty of death, to pay obedience, and, in the paroxysms of his vexation, proclaimed himself the Supreme Head of the Church. Thus was the established authority of Christ's Church opposed and suppressed in England, and one entirely new and unheard of forced by severe laws into its place. "Henry," says Burnet, "impatient of contradiction, or perhaps blown up either with the vanity of his new title of Head of the Church, or with the praises which flatterers bestowed upon him, thought all persons were bound to regulate their belief by his dictates, which made him persecute Protestants as well as Catholics."

CALVIN.—"Those who called Henry VIII the Supreme Head of the Church, under Christ, were plainly guilty of BLASPHEMY. This was extravagantly too much. Those are an unthinking sort of people, who carry the royal character too far into spiritual matters. This extreme is too common in Germany. Neither do the countries about us stand clear of this infection. And now we are sensible of the consequences of that unhappy principle, which gives the civil magistrate a sovereignty in religion, and dissolves the Church into a state. This sacrilegious invasion rages amongst us at present, by not distinguishing the bounds of civil authority. As things are managed, princes don't think they can reign, unless they strip the Church of her authority, and make themselves supreme, both in matters of faith and spiritual government. The devil prompted Amaziah with this notion. Since it was the king's chapel, there must be no prophesying against the court belief. No; the king's religion must stand, and not be questioned. This is agreeable doctrine! These notes make music in the ears of princes. They fall in with imposture, and desire nothing more than to hear themselves made masters of everything without reserve." (Prælinamos.)

Edward VI, a beardless, scattered-brain boy, claimed and exercised this very authority which Calvin termed blasphemy. He mounted the same horse which his father had ridden before him. He obliged the bishops to take out from him a commission, in which it was asserted, that they were to be bishops only so long as his good pleasure lasted; he forbade the bishops and clergy to preach in any pulpit without his special license; he begged his loving subjects to quiet themselves with his direction, as men content to follow authority. "We would not," says the ten-year old king, "have our subjects so much to mistake our judgment, so much to mistrust our zeal, as though we either could not discern what was to be done, or would not do all things in due time."

With respect to the consequences of this suppression of all lawful authority, we have seen that "the Lutheran Church was often a prey to the most unhappy dissensions." (Mosheim.)

Hallam, alluding to the return of Protestants to the Catholic Church,

at the conclusion of the Council of Trent, says: "We ought to reckon among the principal causes of this change those perpetual disputes, those irreconcilable animosities, that bigotry above all, and persecuting spirit, which were exhibited in the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches. Each began with a common principle, the necessity of an orthodox faith. But this orthodoxy meant evidently nothing more than their own belief as opposed to that of their adversaries—a belief acknowledged to be fallible (or liable to error); yet maintained as certain, rejecting authority in one breath, and appealing to it in the next, and claiming to rest on sure proofs of reason and Scripture, which their opponents were ready, with just as much confidence, to invalidate." (Literat. of Europe.)

With respect to England, besides the unquestionable testimony of Henry VIII, who declared that "discord and dissention beareth rule in every place," we have this strong remonstrance upon the subject from the Book of Homilies: "For too many there be, which upon the ale benches, or other places, delight to set forth certain questions, not so much pertaining to edification as to vainglory, and showing forth of their cunning, and so unsoberly to reason and dispute, that, when neither part will give place to the other, they fall to chiding, contention, and sometimes from hot words to further inconvenience. What would St. Paul say, if he heard these words of contention, which be now almost in every man's mouth? He is a pharisee, he is a gospeller, he is of the new sort, he is of the old faith, he is a new broached brother, he is a good Catholic father, he is a heretic! Oh, how the Church is divided! Oh, how the cities be cut and mangled! Oh, how the coat of Christ, that was without seam, is all rent and torn! Oh, body mystical of Christ, where is that holy and happy unity out of which whosoever is, he is not in Christ? If one member be drawn from the head, where is the life of the body? We cannot be joined to Christ, our Head, except we be glued with concord and charity one to another. For he that is not in this unity, is not of the Church of Christ, which is a congregation or unity together, and not a division. There is but one faith; and how can we then say he is of the old faith, and he is of the new faith?" (First part of a Sermon against Contention.)

And these divisions were upon the fundamental principles of religion; and they were carried on not only in alehouses and taverns, but also in the pulpits, which clashed one against another, and tended to stir up sedition and rebellion, for the clergy were no less divided than the laity.

COLLIER.—"And since the alterations in public service and ceremonies had occasioned contests in several places; since people were observed to bring their passions to church with them, and quarrelled where they ought to have prayed together; it was thought fit to guard the honor of religion, and the places consecrated to divine worship, by *Parliamentary Provisions*. It is therefore enacted 'that if any person shall by words only, quarrel, chide, or brawl in any church or churchyard, he shall be expelled the church; that if any person shall smite, or lay any violent hands upon any other, either in the church or churchyard, he shall be excommunicated." (Eccl. Hist.)

As contention and bitter wrangling in important matters of religion must necessarily tend to destroy the spirit of religion and produce immorality, so we have seen that, from the period of the so-called *reformation* in Germany and England, a *deformation* took place in the morals of the people. With respect to Germany, I will merely refer to what has been mentioned in Letters I, II, and X. With respect to England, I deem it prudent to make a recapitulation, with additional instances and

testimonies. Henry VIII, my first witness tells us: "That charity was never so faint among people; that virtuous and godly living was never less used; that the Sacred Scripture was disputed, rhymed, sung, and jangled in every alehouse and tavern, contrary to the true meaning and doctrine of the same; that God himself among Christians (?) was never less reverenced, honored, or served; and that the peopled railed at bishops, spoke slanderously of priests, and rebuked and taunted preachers;" and all this from the commencement of the deformation in his reign."

In Edward's reign these matters became very much worse. Besides the strong and unquestionable testimonies already mentioned of England being, during this period of the deformation, infamous for drunkenness, impurity, and swearing; of outrageous blasphemy and abuse of the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist; of insult, contempt, and shameful degradation of the clergy; of the destruction of libraries, of the desecration of churches, etc., we are informed by the Book of Homilies, that there were "great swarms of vice worthy of being rebuked; unto such decay is true godliness and virtuous living now come; above all other vices, the outrageous sins of adultery, whoredom, etc." Again: "There appeareth in these days great slackness and negligence of a great sort of people in resorting to the church, as also much uncomely and irreverent behavior of many persons in the same." In the homily for repairing, etc., of churches, there is this exhortation: "Keep your churches comely and clean; suffer them not to be defiled with rain and weather, with dung of doves, and owls, and storks, and choughs, and other filthiness, as it is foul and lamentable to behold in many places in this country. It is lamentable, to see the wicked boldness of those that will be counted God's people, who pass nothing at all of keeping and hallowing the Sunday. And these are of two sorts: the one sort, if they have any business to do, though there be no extreme need, they must not spare for the Sunday. The other sort is worse. For, although they will not travel, nor labor on the Sunday as they do on the week-day, yet they will not rest in holiness as God commandeth; but they rest in ungodliness and filthiness, prancing in their pride, pranking and pricking, pointing and painting themselves to be gorgeous and gay; they rest in excess and superfluity, in gluttony and drunkenness, like rats and swine; they rest in brawling and railing, in quarrelling and fighting; they rest in wantonness, in toyish talking, in filthy fleshiness, so that it doth too evidently appear, that God is more dishonored, and the devil more served, on the Sunday than all the days of the week beside." (Sermon on Time, etc., of Prayer.)

"Alas, nowadays, so they have worldly wealth and riches abundant to satisfy their immeasurable lusts, they care not what they do. They are not ashamed to show their drunken faces, and to play the madman openly." (Hom. against Gluttony and Drunkenness.)

But did not all this frightful immorality subside as Protestantism became more widely spread and settled in the country? Let the question be answered by facts. It will not be necessary to trouble you with any more quotations from the Homilies, because these were published partly in Edward's and partly in Elizabeth's reign.

With respect to churches, notwithstanding the repair and cleansing which St. Paul's Cathedral had undergone, Malcolm states that many scandalous abuses were allowed to exist, though much complained of by contemporaries; the bell-ringers allowed persons, for a certain sum, to ascend the tower, where they amused themselves by hallowing and throwing stones on passengers beneath.

By the year 1597, the same author states that a large dunghill, which would have filled four carts, had been suffered to accumulate within the church, and that drunkards and vagabonds might be found at all hours sleeping on the benches at the choir door; men walked about with their hats on their heads, and butchers and water-carriers passed through it with their wares, without reproof. Outside, too, the church suffered much; about twenty-four houses were built against it, one of which was used as a theatre; the owner of another had contrived a way through one of the windows into the steeple, which he used as a wareroom; while a third baked bread and pies in an oven formed within a buttress. As a matter of course, the building soon became again dilapidated; and to what extent may be judged from an estimate for repairs obtained from two masons in 1608, amounting to £22,536, etc.

D'Israeli.—And with respect to the abuse of the Bible, "the learned Usher one day hastening to preach at St. Paul's Cross, entered the shop of one of the stationers, and inquiring for a Bible of the London edition, when he came to look for his text, to his astonishment and his horror he discovered that the verse was omitted in the Bible.

"The pearl Bible (printed by Field, 1653) is set off by many notable errata, of which these are noticed. Rom. 6 : 13: Neither yield ye your members as members of *righteousness* unto sin—for *unrighteousness*. 1 Cor. : 6, 9: Know you not that the unrighteous shall *inherit* the kingdom of God—for shall *not inherit*. This erratum served as the foundation of a dangerous doctrine, for many libertines urged the text from this corrupt Bible against the reproofs of a divine. . . . One Bible swarmed with 6000 faults.

"The Parliament of the Commonwealth at length issued one of their ordinances for punishing blasphemous and execrable opinions, and this was enforced with greater power than the slightest proclamations of James I and Charles I; but the curious wording is a comment on our present subject. The preamble notices that 'men and women had lately discovered monstrous opinions, even such as tended to the dissolution of human society, and have abused and turned into licentiousness, the *liberty given in matters of religion.*' It punishes any person not distempered in his brain, who shall maintain any mere creature to be God, or that all acts of unrighteousness are not forbidden in the Scriptures, or that God approves of them, or that there is no real difference between moral good and evil. On the restoration, Charles II had to court his people by his domestic regulations. He early issued a remarkable proclamation, which strongly marks the moral disorders of those depraved and wretched times. It is against 'a sort of men of whom we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed, who spend their time in taverns, tippling-houses, and debauches,'" etc. (Curiost. of Literature.)

Tillotson, counterfeit archbishop (1666).—"Notwithstanding all these dismal calamities" (the fire of London, etc.), "which our eyes have seen, wickedness doth still prevail in the nation, and overflows it like a mighty deluge, so as to overspread all ranks and orders of men. And is this repentance? to live in filthy and abominable lusts, to tear the name of God by horrid oaths and imprecations; to be atheistical and profane, and by an unexpected boldness to turn the Word of God itself, and the gravest and most serious matters of religion into raillery? And such crying and clamorous sins as these are almost come to be the garb and fashion of the nation, and to be accounted the wit and gallantry of the age." (Serm. 1.)

Burnet (1668).—"We of the church communion have trusted too

much to the supports we receive from the law, we have done our duties too slightly, and have minded the care of souls too little; therefore, God, to punish and awaken us, has suffered so many of our people to be wrested out of our hands. It is apparent the wrath of God hangs over our heads, and is ready to break upon us. The clergy accuse the laity, and the laity condemn the clergy. Those in the city charge the country, and the country complains of the city. It cannot be denied, since it is visible, that universally the whole nation is corrupted, and that the gospel has not had those effects among us as might have been expected, after so long and so free a course as it has had in this island. If to all these sad considerations we add the gross sensuality and impurity, that is so avowedly practiced that it is become a fashion, so far is it from being a reproach, the oppression, injustice, intemperance, and many other immoralities among us, what can be expected, but that the just judgments of heaven should fall on us so signally as to make us a reproach to all our neighbors. But as if all this were not enough to fill up the measure of our iniquities, many have arrived at a new pitch of impiety, by defying heaven itself with their avowed blasphemies and atheism. They reject Christianity and the Scriptures with open and impudent scorn, and are absolutely insensible of any obligation of conscience in anything whatsoever." (Hist. of Refor.)

LAVINGTON, counterfeit bishop of Exeter (1747).—"We have long been attempting the reformation of the nation by discourses of this kind (moral preaching). With what success? *None at all;* on the contrary, we have preached the people into downright *infidelity*."

Rev. MR. JONES (1786).—"What would St. Paul have said, if he had lived in these times, when perhaps not one-half of the people are at public prayers, not one-quarter of them at the sacraments." (Lect. IV on Heb.)

VICESIMUS KNOX, parson (1795).—"It is a fact, to which I have frequently been an eyewitness, that spacious churches in London, capable of containing thousands, are almost empty, notwithstanding the preachers everywhere inculcate morality. . . . An inexperienced and unobservant man might expect to find extraordinary devotion and piety in the chapels and colleges of our English universities. Many of our academies are summoned to prayers, not less than four times every day throughout the year. But do they attend voluntarily, or in obedience to a statute? Is there any particular piety or decency in the performance of public worship? Quite the reverse; for in no place of worship are the prayers read in a more careless or perfunctory manner; in none are more indecencies practiced and connived at, than in the chapels of our English universities. The reason is, that those who attend in them consist for the most part, either of jolly fellows, who drown all thoughts in wine and its concomitants; or of dry logicians and metaphysicians, who, in towering heights of their wisdom, are superior to the weaknesses of a devotee." (Essays.)

HIGGONS.—"To the want of religious retreats, especially nunneries, in a great measure, are to be ascribed the several inconveniencies we lie under at this day; especially, since the frequent marriages of the meaner and indigent clergy, who, having no temporal estates to support their families after death, leave their wives and daughters destitute and necessitous, who being too proud or lazy to work, often take ill courses to subsist; all which might be prevented, if there were places to support them in a virtuous and comfortable way of life. From this defect results the lewdness of these abandoned times, more than from any vicious-

ness in the temper or constitution of the English, since we seldom find these disorders in women of birth, fortune, and education." (Short View of English Hist.)

The *Christian World*, a Protestant American paper, 1841, says: "Protestant Christendom monopolizes nine-tenths of the drunkenness of the habitable globe. One single British regiment has more court-martials for drunkenness than all the 150,000 native troops of India. These are the facts of the case, staring us in the face. England—the land of Bibles—England that has printed more Bibles than all the nations of the earth put together—is herself the most drunken nation under the sun. Her children in America have nearly drowned the new world in drink. The flag of England has carried drunkenness to every port in the habitable globe!"

This work of awful demoralization —this destruction of faith, shame, honor, and honesty, and of almost everything held sacred by man, is what is usually termed "*Glorious Reformation*" — the deliverance of England from the darkness of Popish superstition!

So fluctuating are all human languages in common use, that, whilst some words become obsolete, others change their meaning, and sometimes signify the very reverse of that which they were originally intended to express. To illustrate this observation, no better instance need be adduced than the word *reformation*. Formerly this word signified "a change from worse to better;" now it is applied by clerks, doctors, acts of Parliament, courtiers, and writers of every description, to a "*change from better to worse.*" We have learnt from the witnesses cited, that from the period when the Holy Catholic religion was suppressed by law in England, and a new one, under a new name, and under a new form of government, and with new doctrines, was established in its place, the morals of the people gradually grew worse. Yet this gradual deterioration has always been honored with the name of "*Glorious Reformation.*" Hence, when we wish to describe in a brief manner, a state of frightful immorality — a state in which churches were robbed and desecrated by most horrible profanations, the sacred Scriptures turned into ridicule, and sung and rhymed in public houses, the patrimony of the poor divided among profligate courtiers, a state in which new oaths are coined, and open profession made of the most abominable kinds of depravity—when, I repeat, we wish to describe in a few words a state of things so offensive to God and so injurious to man, we cannot, throughout the whole vocabulary of the English language, select terms more expressive than "*a Glorious Reformation.*"

THE HISTORY OF GALILEO.

THE name of Galileo has long enjoyed a remarkable celebrity. And yet, strange to say, the common appreciation of his character rests upon a misconception of his real claims to distinction. His name is associated in the minds of most persons with great astronomical discoveries, and the decision of the question regarding the true system of the universe. But in these respects he holds only a secondary position. His true claim to greatness rests upon his discoveries as a natural philosopher and as the founder of the science of dynamics. Galileo's astronomical discoveries, such as those of the satellites of Jupiter and of the phases of Venus, are indeed brilliant. But they required no genius, and are such as might have been made by any person of ordinary ability possessed of the command of a good telescope, and an attentive habit of observation. On the other hand, his physical and mechanical discoveries were such as could only proceed from a superior mind. Accordingly we find him evincing extreme jealousy regarding the first, in which he felt he might meet with many competitors; whereas in the latter he stands alone and without a rival. Such is the opinion expressed by Lagrange in his *Mécanique Analytique*. "This science (dynamics)," he says, "is due entirely to the moderns, and it was Galileo who laid the first foundations of it. This discovery (of the laws of falling bodies) did not indeed procure for him in his lifetime as much celebrity as those which he had made in the heavens; but it forms now the most solid and real part of the glory of this great man."* M. Arago, in his *Biographical Notices*, forms a similar appreciation of the discoveries of Galileo in astronomy. "Without intending," he says, "to lessen their just claims to the admiration and surprise which they excited at the time, we are bound, from a due regard to truth, to say that the rapidity with which they succeeded one another was nothing astonishing. It would have required only a few hours to make all the observations made by Galileo during the years 1610 and 1611."

The astronomer Delambre, in his *Histoire de l'Astronomie Moderne*, speaks as follows of the astronomical discoveries of Galileo: "Galileo shows, indeed, in his *Livre des Dialogues*, the superiority of the hypothesis of Copernicus over that of Ptolemy. But how much greater effect would he have given to his assertion, if he had said that the remedies against the opposite errors, which he says are to be found in the system of Copernicus, had been set forth by Kepler; if he had done for the discoveries of a contemporary what he has done for his own? His discoveries have, indeed, removed some difficulties and done away with some objections which would sooner or later have answered themselves, whereas the ideas of Kepler have essentially ameliorated the whole system by laying down the true foundations of planetary astronomy. It is truly inconceivable that Galileo should not in a single place have made the least mention of those far more difficult discoveries which finally led Newton to discover the general cause which forms the soul of that mechanism first established by Kepler." "Chance," he remarks in another place, "led to the discovery of the telescope in Belgium. Galileo received an account of it, and by the next day he had made one for himself, which magnified three times. He perfected it a little, and discov-

* Lagrange, Mecanique, p. 207.

ered spots on the sun; he saw also the phases of Venus and the satellites of Jupiter. This was useful and brilliant; but was it difficult? Compare these three discoveries with the three laws of Kepler."

Galileo's true claims, then, to celebrity rest upon his discoveries in mechanics. His position as an astronomer has been unduly exaggerated. It is the common impression that the question regarding the true system of the universe remained undecided until his time, and that it was he who definitively decided it. This, we have seen, is false. The true system of the world had been already proved and solidly established by Copernicus and Kepler. The discoveries of Galileo served opportunely to confirm what had already become known from other sources. They have furnished science with no new principle, and the proofs which he has supplied can bear no comparison in point of strength and power with those already advanced by his two illustrious predecessors.

Others, again, suppose that Galileo at least established the movement of the earth by direct proof. But this, also, is a mistake. The physical proofs which establish by sensible evidence the movement of the earth, as, for instance, by the movement of the pendulum, are of quite recent date. There is not one of the observations of Galileo which goes to prove the fact. The only proof which he did bring forward, and on which he greatly prided himself, was singularly unhappy. This was the proof drawn from the phenomenon of the tides. For this phenemenon is completely independent of the movement of the earth. It is due solely, as is now ascertained, to the combined action of the sun and moon upon the waters of the ocean. M. Arago says of this theory advanced by Galileo, that "it is unworthy of the author to whom we are indebted for the true principles of modern mechanics, and that its least defect is that it fails to satisfy any of the experimental laws of the phenomenon."

The interest attaching to the name of Galileo is connected in the minds of many with the position which he holds in respect of the relation of science to religion. He represents in his person, as they suppose, the advance of science struggling against the persecution of the Church. How erroneous is this idea will be best seen by a short review of Galileo's life and of the circumstances which led ultimately to the condemnation of his doctrines by the Sacred Congregation.

Galileo Galilei, of Florentine extraction, was born at Pisa on the 8th of February, 1564. On the 5th of November, 1581, he entered on the study of natural philosophy and medicine in the university of that city, and here first showed the strong bent of his mind towards mechanical inquiry. It was at this time, according to some writers, that Galileo was led, by observing accidentally the oscillation of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cathedral, to the discovery of the principle of the isochronous movement of the pendulum, destined to prove hereafter productive of so many important consequences for the measurement of time. In 1585 he came to Florence to follow a course of mathematics. In 1589, in his twenty-fifth year, he was called by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to the chair of Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pisa, at the recommendation of the Cardinal del Monte. He did not, however, remain long at Pisa. His discoveries in mechanics, such as those which resulted in the establishment of the laws of falling bodies, struck a blow at the peripatetic doctrines of motion. He thus found himself in direct opposition to the teaching of the schools, in which the philosophy of Aristotle had long been dominant. An outburst of indignation, in which his own scholars

joined, was raised against him. Galileo fled before the storm, gaining at the same time a wider field by obtaining from the Republic of Venice the place of Professor of Mathematics, in 1591, in the University of Padua, which he continued to hold till 1606. By some writers Galileo's retirement to Padua is ascribed to his injudicious censure and needlessly public exposure of the defects of a piece of machinery contrived by John de Medicis, natural son of Cosmo I, de Medicis, and subjected to his criticism. An order of banishment, it is said, was the penalty of his imprudence and want of judgment.

It was during his stay in Padua that he published the greater part of the works which have given celebrity to his name. Here, as at Pisa, he continued to make active researches in mechanics and natural philosophy, and brought both reasoning and experiment to bear, though with but little consideration for the prejudices of his opponents, upon the received doctrines of the schools. He also openly declared himself in favor of the ancient opinion held by Pythagoras concerning the movement of the earth, revived in the preceding century by Copernicus, and supported at this time with great distinction by Kepler. What was the common opinion at the time on this point, and how was it regarded by the Church? The greater part of the body of professors and learned men believed, with the mass of the people, the system of Ptolemy; a few more gifted minds maintained the system of the world taught by Pythagoras, and which had been in general lost sight of during the Middle Ages, though perhaps some traces of it had been kept alive in the schools of Bologna. The Church left the discussion of the question perfectly free. There had been sovereign pontiffs, cardinals, and priests who had even supported and defended the doctrine of Pythagoras. Nicolas de Cusa, born in 1401, and created cardinal by Pope Eugenius IV in 1448, was the first who had revived the old doctrine, and published in 1435 his work *De doctâ Ignorantiâ*, dedicated to Cardinal Cesarini, in which he maintains the movement of the earth around the sun. He was followed by Copernicus, who, born in 1473 at Thorn, at that time under Poland, studied in Italy, entered holy orders, became canon, and was appointed in 1500 Professor of Mathematics at Rome. It was in this character that he was consulted in 1512 by the Council of Lateran in the work of the reform of the Calendar, completed seventy years later by Pope Gregory XIII. The opinion maintained by Copernicus had found supporters; and in 1533 John Albert Widmanstadt, a German, explained it in Rome in the presence of Pope Clement VII, the Cardinals Orsini and Salviati, the Bishop of Viterbo, and the physician Matthew Corte. The Pope listened with pleasure to the explanation, and, as a mark of his satisfaction, appointed Widmanstadt one of his secretaries, and presented him with a Greek manuscript, which is preserved in the library at Munich, with an inscription on one of the pages recording the circumstances of the gift. Ten years after this *séance* at the Vatican, Copernicus was prevailed upon, much against his will, by the Cardinal Schomberg and by the Bishop of Culm, to publish his treatise *De Revolutionibus Orbium Celestium*, a work on which he had been employed for more than thirty-five years. The work was dedicated to the learned Pontiff Pope Paul III, who was engaged in a correspondence with Calcagnini, the first Italian who publicly supported the system of Copernicus. It is well known what a spirit of faith and piety animated the elevated researches of Kepler.

The Church, then, it will be seen from these few facts, so far from thwarting the progress of science, en-

couraged it, so long as it confined itself within its own legitimate bounds, and avoided the introduction and the discussion of theological questions. Galileo, like his friend Kepler, embraced at an early period the opinion in favor of the earth's motion. In a letter dated May 30th, 1597, he declared plainly that he regarded the opinion of Pythagoras as much more probable than that of Aristotle. Kepler having sent him his work published in 1596, Galileo told him in answer that he should read it with great pleasure, for that he had already for many years adopted the doctrine. He added that he should himself have added a number of demonstrations and proofs in support of it, were he not afraid of sharing the fate of Copernicus; "for if Copernicus," he says, "has gained with some undying fame, he is with numberless persons an object of raillery and contempt."*

It was not, then, the Church that Galileo was afraid of, but public opinion. Copernicus had received the support of the Sovereign Pontiff; but the new doctrine, though it might be favorably received by a few minds of a higher order, would be rejected by the great body of professors and learned men. This enables us to see the famous decree of 1616 in its true light; it shows what was the general opinion at the time regarding the doctrine of Copernicus.

To return to Galileo at Padua. The telescope, the principle of which, as we mentioned above, recently discovered in Holland, and in a manner rediscovered and at once applied by the Tuscan astronomer in Italy, opened to him new fields of discovery beyond all, according to the expression of M. Biot, that the imagination could conceive. Galileo gave a report of his discoveries in a work which he published in 1610, entitled *Nuntius Sidereus*, and in which he pointed out their bearing upon the system of the rotation of the earth. The work was received with great applause throughout Europe. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had already been flattered by the compliment paid him by Galileo in naming the newly discovered satellites of Jupiter the *Stars of Medici*, and who had on this account, it is said, recalled him to Florence, conferred on him the title of first Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy, securing to him at the same time leisure to continue his researches by leaving him unincumbered with the charge of teaching. The King of France requested as a favor that the first star he should discover should be named Bourbon. Kepler publicly acknowledged his appreciation of the sublimity of genius manifested by Galileo, and printed the work at Prague with a preface by his own hand. It raised, however, on the other hand, serious attacks from his opponents. The members of the Universities of Pisa and Padua, and all the favorers of the Peripatetic school, rose in a body against it.

This hostility to Galileo owed its origin in a great measure to the very advance which he made in science. His mechanical and astronomical discoveries struck a fatal blow at the Aristotelic doctrine almost universally received at the time in the schools. The system which regarded the earth as the centre of the universe, and immovable in the heavens; which fixed the stars and planets in material and transparent spheres, to which alone they owed their motion; which recognized no change in the heavens except in the sublunary space, that is to say, in the portion of the heavens between the earth and the moon —was shaken to its centre by the discoveries which tended to confirm with accumulated proofs the hypothesis of the earth's rotation, with the rest of the planets, around the sun.

Galileo's naturally impetuous character, which, not satisfied with establishing the truth of his own discov-

* Op. di Galileo, vol. vi, p. 11. Florence, 1842–56.

eries, led him unnecessarily to expose and triumph over the errors of his opponents, increased the exasperation of the attacks against him. His enemies gladly availed themselves of any arguments which could be brought to bear upon him with the greatest effect.

Galileo and his friends turned their eyes to Rome, where, though they had reason to expect much opposition from the learned, they still looked with confidence for an impartial judgment. Any one who really knows Rome is aware that—not to speak of the caution, prudence, and gentleness, which so naturally belong to its tribunals—the dominant tone among its highest circles is always one of indulgence, forbearance, and liberality. But every great system has its Tadpoles and Tapers,—the men who live upon gossip picked up third or fourth hand from the eavesdroppers of some anti-camera, and who are never so happy as when they have the opportunity of hinting at some probable exercise of the Church's severity, or at the imagined disfavor which has fallen on some illustrious Catholic. These men usually find a goodly number of very un-Roman friends of Rome in various quarters to propagate the mischief which they have initiated. It is therefore almost surprising that the air should not have been so filled with sinister reports as to shake the well-grounded confidence of Galileo. Father Clavius wrote to him on December 17th, 1610, that he had himself on several occasions seen the new planets he had discovered, and added that he was entitled to great credit for having been the first to observe them. Strengthened by such support, Galileo set out for Rome on the 23d of March, 1611. He was warmly received by Prince Cesi, founder of the Academy of the *Lyncei*, and the Cardinal del Monte, and he entertained sanguine hopes, from his communications with several learned and distinguished persons, that before his departure he should see his discoveries generally recognized.* He was received with distinction by Paul V. Cardinal Bellarmine consulted the Jesuit Fathers, the astronomers of the Roman College, regarding Galileo's observations upon the fixed stars, the milky way, the character of Saturn, the phases of Venus, the inequalities on the moon's surface, and the satellites of Jupiter. Fathers Clavius, Griemberger, Malcozzo, and Lembo returned a favorable reply. The omission of Galileo's name in the inquiry only shows that the matter was a scientific, and not a personal, question.

Galileo might, then, be well satisfied with his stay in Rome. The Cardinal Farnese, after having received Galileo at his table in Rome, entertained him at his magnificent villa at Caprarola, and Cardinal Maffei Barberini, afterwards Urban VIII, who had already celebrated his discoveries in verse, addressed to him, amongst many affectionate letters, a note dated October 11th, 1611, in which he says, "Valuable men such as you deserve to live long for the public benefit." Galileo had thus obtained entire success in this visit to Rome. But things were not so in Florence, where a jealous party had gathered round the Archbishop. An attempt was made, though without effect, to induce a priest to protest in the pulpit against the "extravagances" of Galileo. This was the first symptom of opposition. His enemies were trying their strength.

In the following year, 1612, Galileo published his *Discorso sui Gallegianti*, in which he paid compliments to many of the distinguished persons in Rome, and received encouraging replies from the Cardinals Maffei Barberini, Bellarmine, and Conti. Galileo, who was already uneasy at the complaints of his opponents, had inquired of Cardinal Conti whether

* Opere di Galileo, vol. vi, p. 47.

Holy Scripture favored the principles of Aristotle on the constitution of the universe. Conti replied that Scripture, as explained by the Fathers, was rather contrary to the Peripatetic doctrine of the incorruptibility of the heavens. As regards the movement of the earth, its movement on its own axis might be maintained without contradicting Scripture. But the system of the circular movement of the earth, as maintained by Pythagoras and Copernicus, appeared to him less conformable to Scripture. For if some passages which speak of the stability of the earth might be understood of its perpetuity, yet those which speak of the sun moving must be understood according to the ordinary use of language, and such an explanation should not be abandoned without great necessity.* Galileo was satisfied with this testimony, and entered with great confidence into the lists.

He had, however, serious reasons for uneasiness. His adversaries, the Peripateticians, sensible of the difficulty of relying solely on the doctrine of Aristotle, hastened to call to their aid the authority of Holy Scripture. The cry was raised that Galileo was attacking Scripture, and Catholics readily took the alarm. A monk named Sizi, in a work published at Venice, in 1611, against the *Nuntius Sidereus*, had been the first to introduce into the discussion the testimony of Holy Scripture. We shall see that Galileo had the imprudence to follow him on to this dangerous ground.

The objections raised by Sizi were taken up by others. The Grand Duchess Christina, supported by some professors, engaged in discussion with the Benedictine, Father Castelli, a devoted friend of Galileo, and maintained that Holy Scripture was opposed to the movement of the earth. The question then ceased to be astronomical, and became a question of the interpretation of Scripture. The Peripateticians took advantage of this complication of the question; and Galileo, in his attempts to maintain his system, found himself obliged to explain texts of Scripture, to lay down rules of religious controversy, and to act the part of theologian. He accordingly now found himself in opposition to ecclesiastics who had hitherto supported him. It was a snare laid for him by his opposing Aristotelian scientists, and his naturally headstrong disposition led him to fall into it.

Father Caccini, a Dominican, was explaining at this time the book of Joshua in the Church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. Having come to the explanation of the words in Joshua about the sun standing still, and choosing for his text, as is said, the passage from the Acts of the Apostles, "*Viri Galilæi, quid statis aspicientes in cœlum?*" he took occasion to censure the opinion of Copernicus "maintained and taught at Florence by Galileo," according to the words of his own subsequent juridical deposition, "viz., that the sun was the centre of the world, and consequently immovable." Such an opinion, he maintained, was at variance with the Catholic faith, as being contradictory to the literal sense of several texts of Holy Scripture, which was followed by the holy Fathers, and hence that it was a quasi heresy.*

Galileo complained of the attack, though with great moderation, to Father Maraffi, General of the Dominicans, and received in reply a most formal disapproval of the conduct of his rash assailant. But this did not satisfy him. He must needs retort the attack which had been made upon his doctrines; and in a letter to his friend Father Castelli, Professor of Mathematics, written, as he avows, *currente calamo*, he followed Father Caccini upon the ground to which he had transferred the debate, and, protesting against the explanation of Scripture which

* Opere di Galileo, vol. viii, p. 222.

* MS. of the Process, fo. 353.

had been given, laid down what he terms the true principles of interpretation. Several copies of this letter were taken, and Father Lorini, a Dominican, sent one of them to Father Caccini, who declared that it contained several expressions theologically incorrect. Father Lorini upon this denounced the letter to the Cardinal President of the Congregation of the Index, pointing out certain propositions in it as "suspect" or "rash;" as, for instance, that there are certain modes of expression in Holy Scripture which are inappropriate (*inconvenienti*); that in questions as to natural effects Scripture holds the last place; that its expounders (*i suoi espositori*) are often wrong in their explanation of it; that Scripture should not be appealed to except in questions which concern the faith; that, in natural things, philosophical or astronomical arguments are of more weight than sacred and divine; lastly, that the commandment of Joshua to the sun should be understood as addressed to the first principle of motion. Father Lorini proceeds then to point out the danger of allowing people to interpret Holy Scripture after their own fashion (*a lor mode*), and contrary to the common exposition of the holy Fathers, and to maintain opinions apparently altogether contrary to Holy Scripture. This would be to allow them to speak with but little reverence of the holy Fathers, and to overthrow the whole philosophy of Aristotle, of which scholastic theology had made such use. This letter of Father Lorini is the first document which appears in the process, and is valuable as giving a key to its whole character. The question was brought before the tribunal not as one of science, but of the interpretation of Scripture. The theory of the movement of the earth held but a secondary place.

At the present day every one holds the theory of Copernicus and Galileo as to the scientific question; but no sound Catholic—and, we may add, also no one of the "orthodox" defenders of Sacred Scripture among those who are not Catholics—would put their signatures to such propositions as those which we have just mentioned?

MAY.

Hail sweet month of May!
Hail bright month of May
Bring sunshine with thee,
Chasing clouds away.
March has left us sighing
In cold and chilly blast,
April's tears have fallen,
May has come at last!

I will wander in the meadows,
I will search in sunny bowers,
I will cut sweet-scented posies,
I will twine a wreath of flowers.
The lily and the rosebud
With May I will entwine,
And lay them for an offering
Upon Our Lady's shrine.

And there is another offering
  Which at Mary's feet I'll lay,
I know that she will prize it more
  Than all the flowers of May,
I will pray to her to keep it
  And never from it part,
And my Queen will deign to take it—
  My poor, yet loving heart.

I will pray to her to guide it,
  In truth and wisdom's way,
And make it pure and balmy
  As the flowers which spring in May;
I will pray to her to warm it
  With the sunshine of her love,
And make it fit to deck a crown
  One day in heaven above.

ELDINE'S DREAM.

ELDINE was a woman grown, beautiful, tender, and true. She possessed a charming face and figure, a clear, bright intellect, and a pure heart. She had many virtues and but few faults, for she was as good as she was beautiful.

What more could God bestow upon one of his creatures? What brighter inheritance could he give to one who had just stepped from girlhood into the more responsible position of womanhood? And yet Eldine was not happy.

She was not happy, or rather, she did not possess that true contentment which makes even the humblest lot a blessing and a joy. And yet her discontent did not arise from any worldly cause; for as far as human happiness went, Eldine knew that hers was an enviable lot. She was the dearly loved child of affluent parents, and possessed all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. She knew that hers was the fairest face in the pretty village of Glynn; that her eyes were the brightest, and her form the most perfect. But these things occupied but few of Eldine's thoughts.

Many a maiden with far less attraction set more store by her personal appearance than did Eldine.

She knew that exterior beauty is among the least of God's good gifts; and though she did not prize her beauty very highly, she was thankful for it as coming from God.

She knew, too, that she had a mind of rare intelligence; and for this she was very thankful, prizing it as one of God's best gifts; happy in the thought that she might render something back to him. But though she prized this gift of intellect, yet she took no merit of it to herself, but gave all her praise to him from whose generous hand she had received it.

And then besides this beauty of face and form, and this higher beauty of the mind, Eldine possessed additionally, the highest of all beauty, God's very best gift—beauty of the heart. Ah, yes! Eldine's heart was indeed beautiful, but of this beauty she was the least conscious.

And now we come to the cause of Eldine's discontent.

And now she had propounded a

curious question to herself, a question which might perhaps bring some startling answer. But she did not quail before it; her brave young spirit would not be daunted.

No pain would she think too much —no sacrifice would she count a sacrifice, were she only sure that she might place herself in a position in which she would be more pleasing to God.

In her pure enthusiasm she longed for the days of martyrdom.

With her lips parted and her cheeks aglow she would think with pious envy of those who had died for the Faith. But she would presently awaken from her reverie, saying sadly, "But this, alas, is the nineteenth century!" Then her imagination would carry her away again, and she would exclaim: "Oh! were I but a man. What more pleasing to God than a missionary priest? to go forth with the gospel on my lips and the love of God in my heart, and convert not only one or two, but hundreds and tens of hundreds. Oh, glorious mission!" But more quietly, "Such things were never destined for woman."

She wished to do something for God. She was anxious to render back to him something in return for all his generosity to her. What wonderful things might she do to testify her great love for him? and for this she opened her brilliant mind, and set her wonderful brains to work.

Eldine never proposed a question to herself which she left unanswered. No; if it took her weeks and months and years, she would not give it up half solved; in fact Eldine never did anything by halves.

And this was the secret of Eldine's discontent. No doubt God forgave her, for it was but an excess of love for him.

Her childhood and her girlhood had passed happily and contentedly; and it was only at the dawn of womanhood that this holy discontent came upon her. She knew that what she gave to God as a child, and a maiden, were not sufficient from the woman; and though she had no regrets in the past, she was anxious regarding the future. And still she knew that she was good—even that strict monitor, the conscience, assured her that her sins were few; but yet she was not satisfied; she longed for a better life —a higher mission.

She often compared her life with those of her companion maidens, and even her humility could not conceal that she surpassed them all in virtue. But that did not comfort her, for she knew that God does not judge us all by the one standard; but from those to whom he gives much he expects much, and she felt that she was lower in his sight than many of her companions to whom she was held up as a model, inasmuch as he had given a more abundant share of gifts to her than he had to many another.

This thought made Eldine sigh, but it answered not the mighty question which lay so heavily on her heart and occupied so large a share of her thoughts.

"God has been very generous with me; what can I render to him in return? for I love him beyond expression."

She took this burden, as she took all her burdens, to her worthy confessor; that patient, spiritual guide, in whom she had great confidence, but for once she was not satisfied.

"My child," her good director had said, "God does not expect extraordinary things from you; he only exacts that his commandments shall not be broken, demanding merely that you do your best to avoid sin. This you do, my child, but at present you are over-anxious. Go in peace, and be troubled no longer."

Still there was a mist clouding Eldine's intellect, a load of doubt resting on her heart. Her question was not answered, and she could not give it up.

Eldine had been torturing her mind for many days, the consequence of

which was that the rose-tint was fading from her cheek, the glad lustre from her eye.

She arose one morning before the sun, and dressing quickly wended her way towards the little river, which was the chief beauty of Glynn. What was her object? She had none. Merely one of those sudden fancies we are apt to take after a restless night. It was midsummer, and Eldine had walked so quickly, that by the time she reached the pretty valley, through which flowed the river, she was warm and languid. Her hat was thrown lightly aside, as she nestled herself beside the bright little stream in the soft grayness of the early morning. Even the little birds were not yet up, and Eldine felt that the whole world belonged to her. She leant against a tall tree, the gentle rustling of the leaves of which reminded Eldine of angels whispering. The stream at her feet went on in its rippling course, soothing her overwrought nerves; and in the eastern sky was a faint ray of rosy light heralding the great day king.

Eldine half closed her eyes in delicious rapture. Presently she forgot all the perplexities, all her anxieties, having nothing in her mind but rustling trees and rippling streamlets. Soon she ceased to think of even these, and later, forgot that she was in the world at all. Then she heard sweet music, a delicious perfume was floating around her, and gentle zephyrs were fanning her brow. She raised her head and opened her eyes. There, opposite her, on the very margin of the stream, stood a white-robed form. Eldine did not cry aloud or start, though she knew that she was in the presence of an angel. The silver wings were folded, and the crown sat lightly on the glowing brow. Eldine merely folded her hands upon her breast, and fell upon her knees in a reverential attitude. She knew that God had sent a message to her, and after one glance at the angel's pure face, on which there was not the shadow of a smile, Eldine meekly lowered her eyes. And then a soft, clear voice spoke: "Eldine, your zeal for God's glory has overreached itself. You are wasting many golden moments in idle anxiety—moments which you might employ in adding jewels to your crown of glory. Eldine, God expects but one thing from all persons, from the king on his throne to the poor beggar who solicits alms in the public streets, and that is, to do his duty. You have not to sit down and plan and think what is your duty, you have not even to seek it. If you but meet it half way, you have done all that is necessary, for duty is not a thing hidden away, but confronts us at every point. Do your duty, and you have done all that is required of you. The holy martyrs whom you envy, only did their duty, and though your duty may be far less heroic than theirs, yet, if you do it conscientiously, you may expect the same reward. Do not waste your time in longing to do great deeds; do your simple ones perfectly, and you have done enough. You have only to do each day what is required of you for that day, and so on to the end. To be a thorough Christian, and beautiful in the eyes of God, you have but to make each day more perfect than the one before." The silver wings were outspreading, as though longing to ascend, yet the beautiful form tarried a moment, whilst the voice added: "Remember my counsel. Do your duty, and make each day more perfect than the one before."

And in a mist of golden light the angel vanished.

Eldine rubbed her eyes and pushed the soft hair back from her face, and then looked around her. The sun had risen high in the heavens, and the birds were twittering from tree to tree. All nature seemed astir.

Eldine leaned forward towards the stream, and dipping up some water in her palms, bathed her flushed

face. She gazed at the spot where she had seemed to see the angel, and thanked God for her beautiful dream. She knew that it had been no vision, but merely the effects of an excited mind.

But she felt none the less that it had been sent by God. Her sleep, too, had refreshed her; and as she arose and shook out the folds of her dress, she kept repeating to herself: "Do your duty; make each day more perfect than the day before." Then picking up her hat, she exclaimed: "I must hasten home, for there are a hundred little things to be done before breakfast. I must have the newspaper cut beside papa's plate, when he comes down, and I must take a cup of tea up to mamma, for I remember she was complaining of a headache last night, and there's poor little Glada's golden hair has hung uncurled all these days, because I was too preoccupied to settle it nicely, and I must take a peep in at Willie and Vincent, so that they shall not annoy papa by coming to breakfast with untidy collars or cuffs."

And then tripping on with a light step, she murmured: "I have been in a dream all these days—a dull, disagreeable dream, and God has sent an angel to awaken me."

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

"Laetatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: domum Domini ibimus."

THOU hast pitied my heart's great needing,
Thou hast stooped to my low estate,
And opened unto my pleading
The long-sealed beautiful gate.

Ever through gloom and sadness,
Thou hast been my guide and guard;
Into the light and gladness
Of the courts of Thy house, O Lord!

Why should I fear or falter
Under a roof so blest?
Here, near Thy holy altar,
Surely Thy child may rest.

Here in Thy house it endeth
My quest that was erst so vain,
For the Spirit of peace descendeth,
Stilling the olden pain.

In Thy house, my Father, never
Is grief that burns or stings,
Nor the anguish of lost endeavor,
Nor a shadow that chills and clings.

For Thy love makes rest of labor,
And gain of the bitterest loss,
And the glory and joy of Thabor
In the shade of the drearest cross.

THE CHURCH'S WISDOM.

It has ever been the end and aim of Holy Church to symbolize the heavenly by the earthly: to use the beauty and majesty of this world, in leading on her children to the yet unseen glory of the many mansions prepared for them in the next. She has pressed into her service the precious things of land and sea; she has hallowed that which had otherwise been abused to worldly pomp; "she has dared to 'inherit the earth.'" She leaves not the snowdrop, in its spotless loveliness, to return with a smile from its laurel hedge shelter the faint caresses of a February sun; it must deck the High Altar of the gray Chancel, when we commemorate her Purification, who was herself pure beyond the daughters of Eve. She will not allow the budding softness of the palm to give life and joy to the April hedge; it must be for the solemn procession of those, who go forth with the *Gloria, laus, et honor*, to celebrate the last entrance of our Lord into Jerusalem. The lily may not hide itself in the modest garden bed; we need it when we hold High Festival on St. Margaret's Day; it is the flower of virgins, the symbol of the pure in heart. The rose, that at morning peeped from the rustic trellis, ere noon helps to deck the choir, wherein the deeds of the Prince of Apostles are chanted by the full band of priests.

So with gold and silver, and the gems of the mine: they blaze in the Chalice and the Paten, they are curiously wrought in the mitre and the clasped cope; they glitter in the pastoral staff and processional Cross. So with the work of the needle; the hanging, the frontal, the corporal, and the veil, all exercise the patient skill of the artist, all occupy the quiet hours of the convent. The deep forest gladly gives up its treasures; the oak, that might have battled with the waves, or carried some royal armament to conquest and worldly glory, receives a more peaceful and more happy lot in the high roof of the minster. The cedar and the pine, the chestnut and the beech, the beauty of Lebanon and the pride of Carmel, all come up to the sanctuary, and make glorious the resting-place of the Lord's feet. The mountain delights to yield block after block for the rising wall; the spice-tree its sweetness for the lighted censer; the silk-worm its labors to deck the altar; for that the elephant gives up his ivory spoils; for that the bee toils all day long in the recesses of summer flowers, well deserving thereby the care bestowed on it by the inhabitants of the Western Ocean's loveliest island, who will not destroy the insect that labors for Holy Church.

Thus, then, the spoils of nature come to her; thus her children gladly offer for her service the best and the brightest of God's gifts. Why? but in some faint degree to set forth that land which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; to allure the wanderer from the riches of earth, by means of those very riches; to impress on the enemy's gold the stamp of the King of kings. Faint, indeed, are these efforts; in spite of them all it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Faint, indeed, they may be, and yet useful. Some of the wise and the holy sons of the Church have called out the principle still further, and have made a covenant with their eyes, that in beholding the pleasant things of creation each should be, as it were, to them a Sacrament of the new heaven and the new earth.

For a sacramental life is the proper life of a Catholic; he delights in multiplying to himself these holy signs, knowing that, of a surety, the antitype will exceed the type, as much as a substance does its shadow.

It may be, indeed, incomprehensible to us, as we gaze on some mountain prospect, where the glorious form is heightened by the majestic light and shade, how there can be a world which will render such scenes unworthy of a thought; or how, such a one existing, our soul, already filled to the full with the influx of beauty, could endure more.

And yet what earthly river but becomes more beautiful, when it typifies to us the river of the water of life, clear as crystal? What jutting peak, when it calls to the mind the True Rock? What mountain range, when it pictures to the eye of faith the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills?

The traveller, as he gazes on these things, thanks God for such earnests of heavenly beauty; they are lighted for him with a ray far exceeding that of the noonday sun, though the man of the world has no share in his delight; a ray from that eternal glory, which gives splendor to the abodes of the blessed.

Nor is it to the eye alone that these emblems speak; they appeal, as powerfully and as sweetly, to the ear. Nay and perhaps more powerfully, because more really; because there is not only a likeness, but a sameness, in the thing signifying and the thing signified. All that we hear of the harpers harping with their harps, of the new song, of the voices like the sound of many waters, seems to bring heaven in this respect, nearer earth, than in any other. For, as the poet has not ill said,

> "All that we know they do above,
> Is that they sing and that they love."

And doubtless, music has always been privileged by God to have a power over the soul that no other material influence ever claimed; whether, as in the case of Saul, by expelling unclean spirits from the breast, or by inviting, as in that of Elisha, more blessed tenants to be its inhabitants.

Therefore I know not whether, to those for whom I write, it ought to be a sweeter or a more solemn thought, that there is so wide a difference between the study of music, and that of all the other feminine arts and accomplishments in which they are engaged. The needle and the pencil may indeed be devoted to the service of the earthly church; by the one may the shrine be adorned, or the poor of Christ clothed; by the other may the buildings of more Catholic ages be held out for the imitation or reverence of our own. But these things, which are of the earth earthly, cannot be carried beyond the grave.

It is not so with music. In learning that, you are learning an art which will endure as long as love, and that is forever.

That study which is everlasting is surely to be treated with all awe. Debased it may be, and prostituted to earthly passions, and social frivolity; it was not made for such things. Its fountain is still pure; it is where Cherubim and Seraphim are; it is one of the delights of heaven; it is one of the sciences of the "well-adventured." To its fountain it of necessity must tend: it is a miserable force which enchains it to earth: this is not its home, this can never be its rest. We may link it, in unholy marriage, to secular or sensual ideas, but God made it for himself, and that which he hath joined together let no man put asunder.

And perhaps the heavenly strains, which are the voice of the Church Triumphant, may not differ so widely in kind, however much in degree, from those of the Church Militant.

Celestial may be but the transfiguration and glorification of terrestrial music. From the former the latter may have acquired more

than we know. It is certain that the antiphonal system of chanting was of no earthly devising; St. Ignatius had it immediately by inspiration. Palestrina constantly affirmed that his compositions were only his memories of that which, during sleep, he heard the angels sing.

It may well be, also, that on those whom he has raised up to show what music is, he bestowed only a portion of that harmony which is the endowment of his glorified servants; even as the four Living Creatures in Ezekiel each contain the four attributes which are proportioned, one by one, to those of the Apocalyptic Vision.

Is it to debase our ideas of that Blessed World, the comparing it thus with this? I trow not. Rather it is to exalt our appreciation of that in which we dwell, and with which we are engaged. Our Blessed Lord, who knew what was in man, ever by the seen led him on to the unseen; not judging that the former would detract from the latter; rather that this would ennoble that.

And we may well imagine that Holy Church, when she seized the treasures of form and color, would not leave those of sound untouched. She taught that most lovely of instruments, the human voice, to utter melodiously her Lord's praises; she bade wind and stringed instruments to bear their part with it; she invented the majestic organ, that should, like an ocean of harmony, pour out its billows of sound, dashing on roof and window, shattering itself on pier and clerestory, rolling along the pavement, and shaking, like an earthquake, the great cathedral. She hung, halfway between earth and heaven, her musical bells; she taught how to welcome in the festival by modulated chime; how to ask a prayer for her departing child; how to ring out a peal of victory as his corpse, conveyed with cross and banners, entered the resting-place of Christian soldiers; how to rejoice over the bridal, how to solemnize the baptism; how, in the sweet Angelus, to call the thoughts of lord and peasant, of laborer and merchant, for a few short moments from the cares of this world to the repose of the next; how, finally, by a silence more eloquent than music, to hallow the solemn hours that our Lord was in the earth.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, on Tuesday, 27th ult., a spectacle was witnessed unprecedented in America. We refer to the ceremonial of imposing the *beretta* upon Cardinal John McCloskey, the most Reverend Archbishop of New York.

It was a solemn and a significant ceremonial. It was a testimonial on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff of his high appreciation of the personal worth and of the eminent piety, prudence, efficiency, and zeal of the venerable and distinguished prelate who was thus honored. But it was also much more. It evidenced the just estimate of his Holiness of the importance and greatness of this great country, and of the freedom from interference, on the part of our national government, enjoyed by the Church in the United States. Still more, it was a public recognition by the Holy Roman Pontiff of the strength and growth of the Catholic Church in the United States. It was, in this view, an honor conferred upon the faithful of this country; and as such, it should be received by them, and acknowledged as forming an additional incentive to grateful devotion to the Visible Head of the Church, and to the interests of Catholicity.

In the short space allowed us in these notes we can only hint at, not describe the splendid and impressive ceremonial. It was grand and edifying, apart from all its other features, in the extraordinary number of Archbishops, Bishops, and eminent Very Reverend and Reverend Priests, that were congregated from all parts of the United States to assist at it. We could not but feel, as we looked upon them, how greatly God has prospered

the Church in our country. But a few years ago, Catholics were but a handful of the population of the United States. Now they are counted by millions, and the prelates and priests by thousands. If the Church continues thus to grow in the future as in the past—and God will cause it to grow if its members, prelates, priests, and laity, continue faithful—the beneficent influences of our holy religion will multiply and increase, to the salvation of millions who are now unenlightened by the true faith, and the prosperity of our common country.

Besides the members of the episcopate and priesthood, very many distinguished private citizens, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, were also present.

The ceremonial proper of imposing the beretta took place at the close of a Solemn High Mass, as follows:

Archbishop Bayley ascended the altar and took his position on the Epistle side. The Papal Ablegate, Mgr. Roncetti, then advanced and delivered to him the Brief of his Holiness Pius IX, empowering Archbishop Bayley to impose the beretta. This was handed by the Archbishop to Rev. Dr. McGlynn as Lector, who read it aloud to the Archbishop and assembled prelates and clergy. The Ablegate then proceeded to the stand, upon which the red beretta had been placed, and taking it therefrom, delivered it to the Archbishop, whom he then addressed in a Latin discourse.

The Brief of the Holy Father, constituting Archbishop McCloskey Cardinal, was then demanded, and handed to the Rev. Dr. McGlynn as Lector, who read it.

Archbishop Bayley then first responded in Latin to the address of the Ablegate; and then turning to Cardinal McCloskey, made to him, also in Latin, a suitable and beautiful address. At the close of his address, Archbishop Bayley approached the Cardinal, and reverently placed the beretta upon his bowed head.

Cardinal McCloskey, having thus received the beretta, made addresses, first to the Archbishop and Bishops and priests in Latin, and then to the assembled laity in English. After this he intoned the *Te Deum*, which was taken up by the choir. Meanwhile the Cardinal, accompanied by his Vicar-Generals and the Master of Ceremonies retired to the Sacristy, where he was arrayed in the gorgeous robes of the Cardinalate. Towards the close of the *Te Deum* he reappeared in the full dress of his office, and ascended the altar, where he gave the Blessing to the assembled multitude.

THE Prussian government persists in its wicked war upon the Church. With the recent legislation, depriving bishops and priests of the yearly grants hitherto made them, the readers of the RECORD are, doubtless, familiar. These grants represented a portion, and only a small portion, of the revenues annually accruing from church property, which the State has previously appropriated. To withhold them is, therefore, not only dishonest, but also sacrilegious.

The last act of hostile legislation is in the form of a bill, which the Diet, of course, will pass, closing all the convents and religious houses in Germany, and confiscating their property. The bill also proposes to declare the schismatics, who call themselves "Old Catholics," entitled to a share of Roman Catholic churches, cemeteries, and revenues proportionate to their numbers as compared with the true Catholics.

The German penal laws—for that in effect they are—now cover every possible act which priests or bishops can perform in relation to their flocks. A bishop cannot ordain, or confirm, or issue a pastoral address, nor can a priest baptize a child, or solemnize a marriage, or hear confessions, or say mass, or administer the last rites of religion to the dying, without subjecting himself to fine and imprisonment.

Not satisfied with endeavoring to subjugate the Church within the territorial limits of the German Empire, the German government is persistently endeavoring to force other countries to engage in like wicked attempts. The latest effort in this direction was made in the shape of a demand upon the Belgian government to prevent the free expression of sympathy on the part of Belgian Catholics with their persecuted brethren in Germany. Belgium was selected as the country against which this demonstration was made, for two reasons. First, it is one of the smallest, and, in a military and numerical point of view, one of the weakest countries of Europe. It could, therefore, be threatened with less danger than some others; and was supposed to be more likely to yield to the demands made upon it. Secondly, it was believed that, even if the demands were not complied with in the form in which they were made, the demonstration would strengthen the Liberals of Belgium, and perhaps enable them, by a change of the ministry, to obtain control of the government, and thus secure legislation hostile to the interests of Catholicity in Belgium.

Providence, however, has prevented this by means which he has often employed in times past, by causing some of the enemies of the Church to oppose others of its enemies. The independence of Belgium is guaranteed by several European powers, among others by England; and England cannot, in self-defence, permit Belgium to become subordinate to Prussia. Nor can

England, without giving up a principle, which the English will never consent to surrender—the right of free expression of sentiment and feeling on all matters, both of religion and politics—do otherwise than sustain Belgium in the exercise of the same right. Bismarck has thus been foiled in his effort to force Belgium into a position of subserviency. Thus it is that God has restrained the hands of the persecutor in this attempt, as in his own good time, he will in others.

THE word "cardinal" is derived from the Latin *cardo*, meaning a hinge. From this "cardinal" derives its signification of "principal" or chief.

After a time the title of "Cardinal" was used to designate the highest ecclesiastical dignity in Rome, next to that of the Papacy, but it was still given in certain churches to the titular functionaries. By a formal law, in 1567, Pius IV restricted the use of the title to Roman Cardinals; and from that time the Cardinals have been the body of Prelates who constitute the permanent Senate of the Sovereign Pontiff, and are his special advisers and assistants in the administration of the Church, and who, on his death, elect his successor.

The number of the Sacred College of Cardinals was fixed by Sixtus V, in 1586, at 70, namely, six Cardinal Bishops, whose Dioceses are the six Roman "Suburban Sees;" fifty Cardinal Priests, who take their titles from certain churches, called titular churches, over which they have jurisdiction; and fourteen Cardinal Deacons, who are placed over churches called "Deaconries." These latter had their origin in the "Regionary Deacons," who, in the early centuries, had charge of the poor of Rome.

The three orders of Cardinals are distinct from the orders of the Catholic Hierarchy. For many of the Cardinal Priests are Archbishops or Bishops, and the Cardinal Deacons are generally Priests. The number of Cardinals, as fixed by Sixtus V, is seldom complete, and for some years there have been many vacancies. The addition of the six recently created Cardinals brings the present number up to fifty-five; or, counting the five announced as created, but reserved *in petto*, to sixty.

The creation of Cardinals belongs exclusively to the Sovereign Pontiff. It is usual to keep some nominations reserved *in petto*, that is, *in pectore* (in the Sovereign Pontiff's own breast), announcing the fact of the promotion, but withholding the names until such future time as his Holiness may see fit to publish them.

NEW ENGLAND has been celebrating the Centennial of the battles of Lexington and Concord, which took place, as all readers of American history are aware, on the 19th of April, 1775. G. W. Curtis, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, at the conclusion of a speech, unexceptionable and even eloquent in other respects, had the bad taste to sneer at the "foreign" element in the United States as well as all "foreign" faiths. Nothing could be conceived more inappropriate to the occasion. It was one of the grievances of which the early colonists complained, that impediments had been thrown by England in the way of the naturalization of foreigners in these regions. Catholics formed a small proportion of the Americans of "75," but were inferior to none in their zeal and patriotic love of country. Washington, on November 5th, 1775, when encamped before Boston, forbade the Pope's being burned in effigy as proposed by some foolish bigots, declaring that it was "monstrous," and that, instead of insulting Catholics, it was the duty of all true patriots to thank them for their services.

At the same time the Catholic Indians of Maine joined the cause of the colonists. At the close of the War of Independence, there were only one hundred Catholics in Boston. Their priest was Father John Thayer, a convert, descended from one of the oldest settlers, and born in Boston. There is thus, it will be seen, a considerable flavor of the soil about the birth even of New England Catholicism. What a change from that day to this, from a little church in School Street to the splendid Cathedral of the Holy Cross, from a handful of people to three hundred thousand in one diocese, and that only half of the State, and from the solitary priest to the Most Reverend Archbishop of Boston, receiving on the first Sunday of May the pallium, emblem of Metropolitan jurisdiction over all New England, and six dioceses, from the hands of the first American Cardinal, and in the presence of a special ablegate from the Holy See. Truly, a wonderful progress.

THE English Arctic Expedition, consisting of two steamships, specially strengthened and equipped for the purpose, will set sail about the end of June. A large quantity of beef—some 15,000 pounds—is being preserved at Deptford for the expedition. It is entirely lean meat taken from the round, and stripped of all fat, and is cut into steaks, put over a fire, and dried. It is then packed in canisters holding about six pounds each, covered in boiled suet, which is run in, and then hermetically sealed.

The two vessels of the expedition will carry eighteen boats and thirty-five sledges. There are also dog carriages for the offi-

cers. Each sledge has two cooking apparatus attached. A small quantity of rum will be carried in each sledge, but the principal burden will be pemmican or extract of meat. The two vessels are to push on towards the Pole as far as they possibly can. After two years' battling with the ice, it is supposed that they will have arrived at the furthest point which it is possible for a vessel to go. If the ships are very fortunate, this will be about 400 or 500 miles from the Pole. A party is then to leave the ship with sledges, and push over the frozen ocean straight for the Pole. Of course, if the ships are jammed in ice at a very considerable distance from the Pole, the march across the ice will probably fail in reaching the ultimate object of the expedition; but even in this case it will probably solve the still disputed question of whether or not there is an open Polar Sea, and will also throw light on other matters intimately connected with the progress of material science.

THE controversy raised by Mr. Gladstone, on "Ultramontanism and Civil Allegiance," as it has been called, still interests British Protestants. In England, the *British Quarterly Review*, the leading organ of the English "Nonconformists" (as all Protestants not members of the established church are called), in its April number has a long article on the subject. Not content with this, in another long article on Mr. Gladstone, it devotes ten more pages to the same subject. The English *Contemporary Review* for April, under the title of a "Jesuit on Papal Infallibility," has a long article on the same subject. The *Pall Mall Budget* has an article on the "Landmarks of Religious Belief," in which it discusses the position of Catholics in England, admitting that the Church has made and is making considerable progress in that country. It affords a proof of its own assertion by giving also a two column description of the opening of the new church to St. Thomas a'Becket in Canterbury, where Cardinal Manning, four archbishops, a dozen bishops, besides abbots and provincials, and two hundred clergy, assembled to dedicate a church in honor of a saint whose shrine was demolished, whose bones were scattered to the winds, and whose memory has been sought to be rendered odious for three centuries.

FROM the report of the National Bureau of Immigration, some very interesting statistics may be gleaned. During the year 1874, 313,339 came to our shores from one hundred and three different countries. Of these immigrants, 194,144, or more than half, arrived at the port of New York. Of the whole number 156,203 were males over fifteen years of age, and 93,588 were females over fifteen years of age. Under fifteen years, there were 33,022 males, and 30,566 females.

The countries from which the greatest numbers come are, Germany, 87,291; Ireland, 53,707; England, 50,935; China, 13,776; Scotland, 10,429; Norway, 10,384; France, 9643; Italy, 7596; Sweden, 5712; Russia, 3960; Denmark, 3082; Poland, 1795. The remaining few come from Cuba, the Azore Islands, Australia, Turkey, the Sandwich Islands, Iceland, Morocco, and Algeria.

The number of passengers not immigrants who arrived in the United States during the year was 62,240. Of this number, 14,610 were aliens, or foreigners visiting this country for pleasure or business, and intending to return to their native countries. The remaining 47,730 were American citizens, who returned to this country from foreign tours of pleasure or business.

IT is very amusing to read of some of the proceedings now taking place in England about Ritualism. Every inch of ground, in other words, every scrap of ceremonial usage is wrangled over and fought about as if the most vital principles of salvation were at stake. For example, we read in an exchange lately, that "the clergy of Kent had just elected, by a majority of twenty-two, a Proctor pledged to the eastward position." What this means, or what significance lies in it, we are informed by a letter from Malcolm MacColl, who ought to be a Scotch Orangeman by his name, who informs us that success in this eastward position battle is to decide whether the Church of Christ is a divine institution or not. To think of the whole world having to wait for a few English parsons to settle this question!

Turning to the Convocation we find still more amusing scenes. The Bishop of Landaff says that eight hundred and eighteen persons, in nine years, in his diocese, wished for immersion, to be completely dipped, and that to satisfy these he had caused a "vault to be made in the church, with steps leading down to the water." The Bishop of St. David's, in a like case, had ordered an inquiring clergyman to use a bath "disguised as much as possible."

IN no country of the world has the Church such an opportunity of displaying the attribute of "Catholicity" as in the United States. Besides the great Irish, American, and German elements, which comprise its membership, we find special churches for the colored people in Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Augusta, Ga., and many other places; churches for Bohemians in Baltimore, Chicago; French, in New Orleans

and all Louisiana, New York, Chicago, Toledo; Italians, in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis; Spanish, in San Francisco and the Pacific States; Poles, in Chicago, Cleveland, Wisconsin, etc.; Hollanders, in Wisconsin; Flemish, in Wisconsin; Indians, in many Western States; Chinese, in Nevada.

As regards the latter nationality, we fully believe that should the Chinese increase in the United States, that the Catholic religion will find more favor in their eyes than any of the multifarious sects. In China the Catholics number over a million. They have suffered more for the faith and furnished more martyrs than any other people. Thousands have been put to death, banished, or plundered sooner than deny their religion.

SEVERAL interesting events have lately occurred in Canada. The Right Rev. John O'Brien, of Brockville, was consecrated Bishop of Kingston on April 18th, by Archbishop Lynch and the Bishops of Hamilton and London, in the presence of seven bishops and a large number of priests. He is the fifth Bishop of the See, which comprises fifteen counties in the province of Ontario and the archbishopric of Toronto. It contains fifty priests and fifty-five thousand Catholics.

On April 23d, the Canadian Bishops sent an address of sympathy to the Archbishops and Bishops of Germany, and on April 27th they were represented in New York at the great celebration in St. Patrick's Cathedral, when the beretta was conferred on Cardinal McCloskey, by the Archbishops of Quebec, Halifax, and Toronto.

Strenuous endeavors have also been made in Montreal, to establish a Catholic daily paper, ten gentlemen putting down their names for $5000 each.

THE proposition made by Vicar-General Quinn and the New York clergy, in reference to the public schools, is still under consideration. The Vicar-General was overwhelmed with work in connection with the ceremonial on April 27th, and took time to answer certain questions in reference to the New York Catholic schools put to him by the Board of Education.

In the meantime, the question has been discussed by the Catholic and secular papers. Most of the latter disapprove of the scheme, and some of the former, but of course they base their objections on different grounds, the Catholic papers thinking that the proposed scheme is a compromise, and the secular papers that it is the thin end of the wedge to secure Catholic education in schools.

A MOST interesting congress, for Americans, will be held at Nancy, in France, on July 22d. It will consist of archæologists, who have made a special study of American antiquities and ancient history previous to the discovery of this continent by Columbus. It is well known that a vast number of facts relative to this period have been collected. Not only the civilizations of Mexico and Peru, and the forgotten cities of Yucatan, will be investigated, but also the mysterious mounds of Ohio and the relics of extinct Indian nations will be discussed and investigated. We anticipate a most interesting session and very able and exhaustive dissertations, from the assembled savants, fruitful, we hope, in adding much to our knowledge.

RECENT explorations show that the great Australian trees exceed in height, though not in circumference, the giants of California; some of the Australian trees must be regarded as very respectable in girth as well as in height, the hollow trunk of one of them being large enough to permit three horsemen to enter and turn without dismounting, while they led a fourth horse. A fallen tree, in the recesses of Dandenong, Victoria, was measured not long since, and found to be 420 feet long; another, on the Black Spur, ten miles from Halesville, measured 480 feet. The highest trees on the Sierra Nevada, Cal., yet discovered, reached only 450 feet, the average size being from 300 to 400 feet in height, and from 24 to 34 feet in diameter.

THE question of religious liberty in State institutions, particularly as regards the rights of Catholics, have been under discussion in two Legislatures during the past month, but with different results. In Ohio, a bill securing such liberty has been passed; but a bill of like purport introduced into the New Jersey Legislature was defeated. We regret that our neighbors of New Jersey are not (as represented by the Senators) so just as the Ohio legislators, even defeating the Catholic Protectory Bill. But their action is not final, and we may hope to see it reviewed in a future session.

CATHOLICITY, in New Jersey is making great strides under the supervision of its Bishop, Right Rev. M. A. Corrigan, the youngest Bishop in the United States. On April 25th he dedicated a new Franciscan college at Trenton to our Lady of Lourdes, the first under that title in the United States.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S EXPOSTULATION UNRAVELLED. By Bishop Ullothorne.

THE SYLLABUS FOR THE PEOPLE; A Review of the Propositions condemned by His Holiness Pope Pius IX, with Text of the Condemned List. By a Monk of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate; author of "The Vatican Decrees and Catholic Allegiance."

RIGHT REV. HERBERT VAUGHAN, D.D., ON MR. GLADSTONE; Submission to a Divine Teacher neither Disloyalty nor the Surrender of Mental and Moral Freedom. A Pastoral Letter. By Herbert, Bishop of Salford.

TRUE AND FALSE INFALLIBILITY. By the Right Rev. Bishop Fessler.

These works, together with DR. NEWMAN'S and ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S REPLIES TO MR. GLADSTONE, have been republished by the Catholic Publication Society, and together form an invaluable collection of treatises upon the relation of the Spiritual and Secular Power. They are all for sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

We cannot too earnestly recommend their perusal by all Catholic readers, who are now more than ever called upon to defend the so-called "pretensions" of the Church. The bold and firm stand which Pius IX has taken against that meanest of the enemies of Christianity, the world, has aroused the hatred and malice of its slaves and votaries to a degree almost unparalleled in the history of the human race. The contest, however, is not waged, as of old, with the sword; it is a battle of intellectuality. The enemies of the Church, provided by the world with copious resources of the wisdom of the infernal serpent, are encompassing the children of the Church everywhere with the meshes of their craftiness, which has been cultivated to the highest degree by means of the godless education which the world dignifies with the title of "progressive enlightenment." Some of the ablest champions of the Church, ever on the alert against evil, have happily provided all the faithful with the instruction necessary to counteract this dangerous influence. Indeed, so numerous and so able have been the repulsive attacks by the Church against the late premier of England, that even Protestants have begun to acknowledge that Mr. Gladstone has advanced the cause of Catholicity ten thousand times more by his malicious villifications than by his doublefaced policy of political "Liberalism." In his lame efforts to stand well with the world, he has committed not only political suicide on himself, but has likewise murdered his own cause, and developed the glory of truth by contrast with the meanness of his own falsehood. It is the old, old story: *Iniquitas mentita est sibi.* Of what avail, however, are the testimonies of the doctors of truth, if the children of the Church fail to profit by their labors and teachings? Where is the social circle where the Catholic is not some time called upon to enter the lists of argument and defend the faith that is in him? Shame of shames, that we should dare even to ask the question, is he always ready for the onset? With so much knowledge by which to profit, and so much carelessness in benefiting thereby, how truly cannot our divine Lord, in displaying the stigmas he receives when his cause is thus so negligently upheld, style them the wounds inflicted in the houses of his friends, for every one of which these his weak-hearted adherents will have to render an account at the bar of eternal justice. Mental inability will then be no plea in bar, since even the infused knowledge, which a Christian possesses by virtue of the Sacraments, is more than sufficient to confound the most intricate philosophy of earth and hell, if we do but develop the talents given.

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND; a series of plain instructions for the use of orphans after leaving the asylum, and for persons of the same class living in the world. By Rev. A. A. Lambing, late Chaplain of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, Pittsburg, Pa. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1875.

The official position formerly held by the reverend author of this admirable little book ought to be a sufficient guarantee that he knows whereof he speaks, but how beautifully and how effectively he has spoken, must be learned from his own pages, which furnish a feast of instruction, which sometimes is rich enough to savor of the honeyed doctrine of even so great a writer as the lamented Faber. It is a frequent cause of complaint by those who receive into their families children of either sex, who have been bound to them from the orphan asylums, that they do not display in after-life, by their fidelity to duty, domestic or religious, the effects of the admirable training they must have received. This is not only an injustice to the good religious who have reared them, but a thoughtless reflection on the Catholic system of public charities. While in many cases the blame rests with the employers themselves, who by ill-regulated

lives, or a lack of the proper ideas of the treatment of their servants, must bear a goodly show of the blame; still it must be candidly confessed that the charge is sustainable to a far greater degree than is pleasant to admit. But there is much to be said in extenuation of the abused side. In the first place, the natural propensities of vitiated blood are too often a hard resisting element in the asylum education; but when after this has succumbed to the superior tact, aided by the divine helps which the good religious bring to bear, human nature is after all crushed, not killed; crushed while it has no temptation, but every spiritual and moral aid overwhelming it. In an instant the child thus gained to God and well-regulated society, is removed at a most susceptible age from all these heavenly surroundings. It is transported to the midst of a host of hitherto unknown and terrible temptations of the soul; and often to unwonted trials of mind and body, while at the same time, the religious and spiritual assistance is rendered proportionately weaker. Even in many Catholic families there are scandals which cannot fail to be stumbling-blocks to the weakened spirit. The asylum training has done what it can, but it cannot follow its *proteges* out into the world to see that the good work is carried on in daily life; and very often the harshness of the employer is the last stroke that aids in overthrowing the good, which otherwise might have been completed in the world as a monument to the benefits of the cloister. Like a gentle and revivifying sunbeam in winter, like a mighty hand stretched out to save, like a guardian angel's ceaseless whisper, like a sacramental charm carried about the person, Father Lambing's book will accompany through all the walks of life, the social waifs whose father and mother is God alone, and accompany them with a success commensurate with its exalted mission.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS; compiled from authentic sources, with a practical instruction on the life of each Saint for every day in the year. By Rev. F. X. Weninger, D.D., S. J. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875. Received from C. A. Hennessy, 827 Arch St., Philadelphia.

This latest production of the famous Jesuit missionary is an English translation from the original German, by the same gifted pen. The style, notwithstanding the brevity, is concise and entertaining, and the instructions short and admirably adapted to the Saints whose lives are exemplified. The lives of the Saints might naturally be considered a trite theme for the religious penman, but besides the attractive form in which they are here presented, the brevity of each chapter or daily division is such as to make them easily a subject of spiritual reading, even by the most preoccupied minds, a great advantage over the more ponderous works of Alban Butler, whose cumbersome volumes would naturally defy a daily perusal, however valuable they might be as works of reference. This series is issued in twelve numbers of about one hundred and fifty pages each, printed on very fine tinted paper, in large and beautiful type, each number bound in flexible binding, and containing a fine steel engraving as a frontispiece. It is intended to issue the entire work in two easily portable volumes, from which fact the reader can easily perceive how admirable a condensation in comparison with similar works Father Weninger has succeeded in effecting. The first number is as yet the only one issued. It is embellished with a fine frontispiece of the nuptials of our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph.

THE CATHOLIC NATIONAL SERIES, First and Second Reader. By the Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland. Benziger Brothers, New York and Cincinnati, 1875.

Bishop Gilmour, before attaining to the Episcopacy, had earned for himself a decided reputation as an opponent of the public school system of the United States. His opposition, however, was rather of the negative order, consisting less in futile denunciations than in practical attempts at raising the standard of our Catholic system, by the writing and publication of the Catholic National Series of Spellers and Readers. Since his elevation to the Episcopal See of Cleveland, Dr. Gilmour has, notwithstanding his many arduous and official labors, continued the humble work which he began as a priest—a work which is truly God's work, since there was little to be gained from it in the way of worldly applause. Thus, too, while endeavoring to build up the Catholic system of primary education, he has, in addition, turned his attention towards the godless system of public instruction. This double work of building the edifice of truth, and levelling that of error, has been so successfully carried on as to merit the concentrated spleen of the Harpers, whose *dis*civilizing journal is generally, in a negative way, a barometer of Catholic progress. Had Bishop Gilmour failed, the *Harper's Weekly* would not have honored him with notice either by pencil or pen.

When a prelate of the Church thus devotes his energies to the education of youth, how eagerly should not our Catholic teachers prove their gratitude, by generously responding to his efforts, especially when, by the adoption of such text-books as these, their school-rooms become not merely nurseries of mental instruction, but cradles of the spirit of our Holy Faith.

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